

The Daily Mirror

No. 442.

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as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, APRIL 3, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

MR. BALFOUR IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS V. FISHERMEN GOLF MATCH.



At Sandwich on Saturday the Prime Minister and Mr. C. E. Hambro played James and George Buchan. Here Mr. Balfour is seen walking from the first tee and talking to his fisherman opponent.



Mr. Balfour tosses a ball to his caddie before beginning on the second round, in which he and his partner beat the Buchans by 6 and 5.



The Prime Minister and James Buchan, with their caddies, approaching the third green. The fishermen brothers halved this hole through Mr. Balfour making a bad shot in his attempt to get on the green.



Mr. Balfour coming in to lunch after he and his partner had been beaten in the first round by the brothers Buchan. During the match James Buchan said: "These photographers make me nervous." "Never mind," replied the Prime Minister, "we have to put up with them whether we like it or not."—(Photographs copyright of the *Daily Mirror*.)



Mr. Balfour and Mr. C. E. Hambro coming in after the first round. Although beaten by the fishermen they seem much pleased with the game.



James Buchan driving during the game which he and his brother won.

PERSONAL.

TOTTENHAM Electors to-day's reminder, one vote for Broadbush.

** The above advertisements are received up to 4 p.m., and are charged at the rate of eight words for 4s., and 2s. 6d. for each additional word to be brought to the notice or sent by post with postal order. Trade advertisements in Personal Column, eight words for 4s., and 5d. per word after. Address Advertisement Manager, "Mirror," 12, Whitechapel, London.

THEATRES and MUSIC-HALLS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE. HENRY IRVING. Managing Director, ARTHUR COLLINS. FOUR WEEKS' SEASIDE STAYING.

HENRY IRVING

and his Company. On SATURDAY EVENING, April 29, for twelve nights, BECKETT'S. Alfred Lord Tennyson, Becket (Chancellor and Archibishop). HENRY IRVING. Box-office now open.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. Mr. TREE. EVERY EVENING (except Mondays), at 8.30. MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.30. TO-NIGHT (Monday), at 8.30. TRILBY. S. S. Tree.

IMPERIAL. MR. LEWIS WALLER. TONIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.30. MUSIQUE BEAUCIÈRE.

MR. LEWIS WALLER and MARY MOORE. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.

ST. JAMES'S. MOLLENTRAVE ON WOMEN. At Elstree Satu. TONIGHT, 8.30 sharp.

LAST 12 NIGHTS. LAST 12 NIGHTS.

FINAL PERFORMANCE SATURDAY EVENING, April 15, at 8.30. HOW HE LIED TO HIS HUSBAND, 2.30. MATINEE, 12.30.

MATINEE SATURDAY, April 16, at 2.30.

MR. ROBERT ARTHUR'S LONDON THEATRES.

KENNINGTON THEATRE—Tel. 1,006 Hop.

NIGHTLY, at 7.45. MATINEE THURSDAY, at 2.30.

MINNIE PALMER. The original in the celebrated musical

play, THE SWEETHEART.

CORONATION THEATRE—Tel. 1,273 Kens.

NIGHTLY, except MATINEES WED. and SAT., at 2.30. The D'Oyly Carte Opera Co. Mon. and Sat. Evenings and Sat. Mat. THE MIKADO. The Evening and Sat. Mat. THE GONDOLER. Even. THE WOMEN OF THE GUARD; Thurs. and Fri. Evenings, first revival in London since the original production in 1884 of the charming play.

CAMDEN THEATRE—Tel. 323 K.C.

NIGHTLY, at 8, MATINEE SAT., at 2.30, the suc-

cessful musical play, THE EARL AND THE GIRL, from the Author of LADY BIRD.

CROWN THEATRE, Peckham—Tel. 412 Hop.

NIGHTLY, at 7.45, MATINEE WED., at 2.15, the

successful musical comedy, THE GAY PARISIENNE, in-

cluding Mr. LIONEL RIGOLD as Honeycomb (his original part).

FULHAM THEATRE—Tel. 376 Kens.

NIGHTLY, at 8, MATINEE WED., at 2.30. Mrs.

LEWIS WALLER. Mon. Thurs. and Sat. Evenings.

ZAGA. Tues. Wed. Thurs. and Fri. Even.

Weds. MATINEE. THE ADMIRAL'S LADY. TO-MORROW

AFTERNOON April 24, LECTURE ON POET ARTHUR

MR. FREDERIC GIBSON. THE LADY IN THE VAN. THE

BIRDS. Dances. SINGERS. GLEE SINGERS. Mr. WATSON. Comedy Song Scene. New Picture Songs and Varieties.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross.

PROGRAMME at 3 p.m. and 5 p.m.

POET ARTHUR. Grand War Spectacle, with wonderful

effects on stage, including the DANCE OF THE 1,000 VEILS.

Children's Charming Song Scene. MY GIRL. WILL

BIRDS. Dances. SINGERS. GLEE SINGERS. Mr. WATSON. Comedy Song Scene. New Picture Songs and Varieties.

COLISEUM, Charing Cross.

PROGRAMME at 3 p.m. and 5 p.m.

The Prima Donna MADAM ALICE ESTY, a San-

tuzza, in the famous Church Scene from CAVALIERIA ITALIANA. The DANCE OF THE 1,000 VEILS.

Children's Charming Song Scene. REJOICINGS IN THE DAYS OF SWEETNESS. NELLIE THE DEAR HOMELAND.

MISS ALICE ALICE. GLEES. SONGS. TRAVAGANZA—Mr. J. C. PIDDICK and Chorus. Miss MADGE LESSING in two new Song Scenes. A LITTLE HORN. LADY IN THE VAN. THE LADY IN THE VAN. DERBY RACE. LADY IN THE VAN. New Picture Songs and High-Class Varieties.

Williams, Coliseum, London. Telephone Nos. 7689

Gerrard for Boxes, £2 2s. and £1 1s., and 4s., 5s., and 2s. seats; and 7639 Gerrard and 6d. seats. Children under 12 half-price to all Seats.

THE LYCEUM, HIGH-CLASS VARIETIES.

TWICE NIGHTLY, 6.30 and 9. Matines Wed. and

Sat., 2.30. Popular Prices. Children half-price.

Managing Director—THOMAS BARRASFOR.

AMUSEMENTS, CONCERTS, ETC.

CRYSTAL PALACE. TO-DAY.

GRAND MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

Displays at 4.00 and 8.0.

By picked men from the British Army.

Tent Punting. Platine. Maypole.

Tilting. Ring. Military Band.

Sword Fights. Military Sketches.

Barbecue. Wrestling.

Mounts. Combats.

Lemon Cutting.

Cafe Chantant. Musical Rid.

ROLLER SKATING. MILITARY BAND, and OTHER ATTRACTIONS.

ROYAL ITALIAN CIRCUS, "HENGLER'S,"

Oxford-circus, W.—The Smallest Elephant in the World

(55 inches high) and over 200 Acting and Performing

Animals. Dances. Pictures. Price 1s. to 6s. to Children half-price to all parts. Telephone, 4,138 Gerrard.

MESSRS. CAROX OPEN their NEW PRE-

MISES, 24, Bury-street, St. James's, S.W., with an EXHIBITION of JOHN S. SARGENT, R.A.,

THE EXHIBITION will CLOSE on April 29th. OPEN DAILY, including Saturdays, 10 to 6. Admission one shilling.

RAILWAYS, EXCURSIONS, ETC.

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

EXCURSIONS from PADDINGTON STATION (with bookings from many London and Suburban Stations).

EVERY NIGHT, APRIL 7.

PADDINGTON DAY TRIP ON-TO-ON for 1, 5, or 8

days. DAY, 6s. 6d.

11.25 a.m.—CHESTER, Birkenhead, Liverpool, Man-

chester, Stock-on-Trent, MABLEFIELD, etc., for 5, 6, or 8

days.

SATURDAY, April 8.

9.50 a.m.—STOURBRIDGE-ON-AVON for 1, 5, or 8

days. DAY, 6s. 6d.

11.25 a.m.—CHESTER, Birkenhead, Liverpool, Man-

chester, Stock-on-Trent, MABLEFIELD, etc., for 5, 6, or 8

days.

For details, see bills, or send postcard to Enquiry Office, Paddington Station.

JAMES C. INGLIS, General Manager.

CONFECTIONERY and Light Refreshments; fine position

in main road, near theatre and town hall; perfectly

equipped, well-stocked, and more enterprising; owner retiring; large house;

£170 for quick sale; rare bargain.—Apply Weston and Sons, 8a, Eckenhill-nd, Clapham Junction, or 268, High-st,

Borough.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE & WANTED.

CONFECTIONERY and Light Refreshments; fine position

in main road, near theatre and town hall; perfectly

equipped, well-stocked, and more enterprising; owner retiring; large house;

£170 for quick sale; rare bargain.—Apply Weston and Sons, 8a, Eckenhill-nd, Clapham Junction, or 268, High-st,

Borough.

everywhere in stamped boxes at 1/4 and 2/9

with full directions.

OBSERVE! Each of the genuine Powders

bears my Trade Mark

—"Baby in Cradle."

lead FENNINGS' MOTHER'S BISCUITS

or Grocer for a FREE Copy, or

or one will send POST

FREE on application to

Mr. FENNINGS, 18, Cowes, Isle of Wight.

BIRTHS.

PELHAM.—On March 23, at Great Cozen, Ware, the

wife of Lord Pelham, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

TREFFRY—KINGSLY.—On March 30, by civil contract,

before the Registrar of Kensington, Charles Treffry, of

The Royal Exchange, London, daughter of the late

John Kingsley, of Manchester.

DEATHS.

CHINNERY.—On March 29, at his residence, Hatchford,

Cobham, Surrey (sudden), Walter Moresby Chinnery,

J.P., Deputy-Lieutenant and High Sheriff of Surrey, in

his 72d year. Funeral at Hatchford on April 1 at

3.45 p.m. Interment at Leam Waterloo (South Station) at 2.15, and returning from Edgware Junction at 5.45, arriving at Waterloo 6.19.

HOT WATER INSTANTLY NIGHT OR DAY

Hot Bath in FIVE minutes. Boiling water in One

Minute, even when Fires are out.

EARTWS LIGHTNING GEYSER

For a few pence. 300,000, 346-350, EUSTON-ROAD, N.W.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Domestic.

WANTED. Engagement as Companion by young English

lady; very musical, accompanist, French, German;

rd, Buxton-hill, S.W.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

A GENUINE HOME EMPLOYMENT—Tinting small

prints; experience unnecessary—Stamped envelope (20).

17, Kneighall-avenue, Fulham.

TRUSTWORTHY Man wanted; carousing an execu-

tive position; no income; no expenses; pay him

his board, room, and wages.

EDWARD BURKE.—"M. W." Box 1768. "Daily

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BOMB TERROR IN RUSSIA.

Police Official Again the Mark
of Vengeful Anarchists.

RIOTOUS SCENES.

Discovery of an Immense Manu-
factory of Infernal Machines.

Russia is again terrorised by the Anarchist bomb-
thrower. Another outrage has taken place in
Poland, the victim being again a high police official.

A Reuter message confirms the announcement
made some days ago by the special correspondent
of the *Daily Mirror* in St. Petersburg to the effect
that an important arrest of bomb terrorists has been
made.

It is reported in St. Petersburg, says the corre-
spondent of the *Echo de Paris*, that M. Bili-
gune, the Minister of the Interior, is to be re-
placed by General Treppoff, Governor-General of
St. Petersburg.

The appointment will doubtless inaugurate an
era of suppression throughout Sunday as stern and
merciless as the reign of terror that followed Red
Sunday in St. Petersburg.

RED REVENGE.

Attempt to Assassinate Police Commissioner
at Lodz.

WARSAW, Saturday.—A telephone message from
Lodz states that the Commissioner of Police for
the Second District, M. Szabolowicz, was seriously
injured by a bomb which was thrown at him in the
street at 1.30 this afternoon.—Reuter.

Lodz, Saturday.—The Commissioner is danger-
ously injured. His assailant was wounded by a
policeman, and has been removed to hospital.

The explosion was so violent that all the windows
of the neighbouring houses were broken.—Reuter.

TROOPS FIRED ON.

Cholera Lecture Followed by the Singing of
the "Marseillaise."

SARATOFF, Saturday.—According to an official an-
nouncement a scene of great disorder has occurred
at the City Theatre on the occasion of a lecture on
cholera given there to an audience of 2,000 people.

Revolutionary proclamations were thrown from
the galleries into the body of the theatre, and in-
cendiary speeches were made.

The crowd then left the theatre and marched
through the streets singing the "Marseillaise."

The troops sent against them drew up in front
of them and barred the way, whereupon five re-
volver shots were fired from the midst of the
demonstrators, but without effect. Thirty-nine rioters
were arrested, and numerous revolutionary pamph-
lets and proclamations were found.—Reuter.

BOMB FACTORY.

Revolutionary Band Detected by St. Petersburg
Police.

ST. PETERSBURG, Saturday.—The police have
arrested a band of revolutionary conspirators, seiz-
ing at the same time a number of incriminating
documents.

The arrests were made so suddenly that only in
one instance was any opposition offered, one of the
band firing his revolver, but without any effect.

At the residence of one of the prisoners an explo-
sives laboratory was discovered, with a complete
apparatus for the manufacture of bombs, besides a
number of papers relating to the activity of the
Anarchist movement in Russia.

An examination of those papers shows that the
conspirators were sent from Switzerland, whence the
movement is directed.—Reuter.

NO PEACE YET.

It is apparently the intention of General Linie-
wich to make a determined stand before allowing
the Japanese to occupy Harbin.

An official message, issued by the Japanese
Legation, states that the Russians are concentrating
at Kirin, this position having evidently been chosen
from fear of the mounting movement. The Japanese
are trying to carry out in the west.

The prospects of peace are regarded as very slight
in St. Petersburg, where everything points to the
war being prosecuted with fresh vigour.

BOGUS COUNT.

Charges Involving £800,000 Against
Foreigner Arrested in London.

ASTOUNDING CAREER.

A Frenchman credited with a marvellous career
of fraud was arrested in London on Saturday and
charged at Bow-street with fraudulent bankruptcy
in France involving the sum of £800,000.

His name is Mary Hippolyte Raynaud, and he
was missing from Paris since June, 1904. He
was formally remanded for a week.

His career reads like a romance.

He went to Paris from Auvergne in the wooden
shoes of a simple peasant, yet within a few years he
had founded the Banque d'Etat, and set up in
style in the Champs Elysées.

But the bank "smashed" in 1876, and Raynaud
was imprisoned for fraud.

In 1889 we find him elected deputy. It was a
tempestuous election, and Raynaud was several
times attacked by angry mobs.

He was never allowed to take his seat, a com-
mittee deciding that he was ineligible.

Then he disappeared, owing £40,000, and in
his absence was condemned to ten years' imprison-
ment.

Unbeaten still, he assumed the title of "Count," and
four years ago started another bank, the
Credit International.

At the beginning of last year this bank stopped
payment, and Mary Raynaud wrote to the papers
explaining that the bad news from Japan had
obliged him to fly for the third time.

The facetious humour of this letter, of which the
following is an extract, reveals the lively character
of the man brought up at Bow-street on Saturday.

I shall follow the precept of the Roman poet.
I shall go to the Transvaal, to the land of gold.
I shall make my fortune. I shall return. My
acts will then prove that I did not merit my
misfortunes. Never has man been animated
more than I with noble and generous ideas.

To-day I weep over myself. I weep also
over the people whom my disaster will cruelly
wound.

GIFT PLEASED FRANCE.

Novel Distinction for English Widow Who
Gave £10,000 To Spread French.

The greatest satisfaction has been caused in
France by the recent gift of Mrs. Barrow, widow of
a Liverpool shipowner.

The lady gave £10,000 to found a Chair of
French in the Liverpool University in the earnest
hope that it would tend to maintain and strengthen
the happy relations which now exist between France
and England.

Mrs. Barrow has received a letter from M. Del-
casse, the French Foreign Minister, expressing the
appreciation with which her generous gift and the
terms in which it has been made have been wel-
comed by the French Government and himself.

The Executive of the Alliance Française has con-
ferred upon her the rare distinction of awarding her
a medal in recognition of her efforts to spread a
knowledge of the French language.

PRINCESS'S MAD LOVER.

Berlin Banker Offers the ex-Princess of Saxony
a House in the Tyrol.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—In Berlin it is believed that the
affairs of the Countess Montignos (Princess Louise
of Saxony) are about to be settled.

Meanwhile, the Countess has been the innocent
cause of an unfortunate affair, according to the Berlin
correspondent of the "Petit Journal." An
eccentric Berlin banker, who recently had a fortune of
£300,000 left to him by an uncle, purchased a
villa at Meran, in the Southern Tyrol, and imme-
diately telegraphed to the Countess offering her
the house and grounds.

The Princess replied declining the offer, but say-
ing she hoped the generous young man would soon
see her in Florence.

Warned of his son's conduct, the parents of the
banker hastened to Meran, and found him about
to leave for Florence.

After a painful scene at the railway station he
was taken to an insane asylum, still protesting his
desire to go to Florence.

£35,000 JEWEL THEFT.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—While M. Solomon Samy-
Habib, a Constantinople diamond merchant, was
driving across the city with a trunk of diamonds
valued at £35,000, the carriage was stopped by the
traffic.

When the vehicle moved forward again M.
Samy-Habib found that his valuables had dis-
appeared.

RIVER BAPTISM.

Dastardly Outrage Suddenly Interrupts
a Picturesque Welsh Scene.

Remarkable and picturesque scenes were wit-
nessed at the baptism by total immersion of revival
converts in the River Dee, near Pontcysyllte
Bridge, at Trevor, Ruabon, yesterday.

At one time the ceremony was threatened with
disaster. While thousands were watching the
strange service from the banks, some unscrupulous
persons, who unhappily were not recognised, dis-
lodged a huge boulder, which crashed down the
embankment amongst the crowds.

It is certainly marvellous that no one was injured.
Two gigantic processions, lustily singing hymns,
marched to the scene, which is one of the most
beautiful on the beautiful Dee.

After a preliminary service under a massive oak,
the Rev. Evan Williams, of Llanfachreth, entered
the river, clad in waterproof overalls.

His assistant, meanwhile, conducted the first lady
into the surging torrent, and Mr. Williams rever-
ently pressed the candidate beneath the icy waters.
The congregation immediately burst forth into the
revival refrain, "Dioch i ddio."

Six other ladies, daintily attired in white gowns,
bravely underwent the trying ordeal, after which
ten men were immersed. During the pro-
ceedings a child fainted.

GHOST IN A BAR.

Landlord Buried at Aberdeen Revels in Spirit
in Lancashire.

At the Engineers' Arms, at Nelson, in Lancashire,
the ghost of Robert Adams, a former land-
lord, who was buried at Aberdeen, is said to have
been behaving most disgracefully of late.

"He" is heard in the dead of night drinking
behind the bar—one man declares that he looked
through a window and saw "him"—but when the
present landlord and his friends and guests descend
to eject the murderer his intangible form flits upstairs
to the bedroom, and disports itself there with
much noise and riot.

The latest report from Nelson is that a former
friend, secreted in the bar, saw Robert Adams's
burly figure at the beer-engine, but naturally
failed to seize it.

Nelson feels that something must be done. Such
a ghost as this is nothing less than scandalous.

SIR E. CARSON'S SHILLELAGH.

He Tells Brighton Electors How He "Hit
the First Head That Came Handy."

Next Wednesday has been fixed for the polling
to fill the Parliamentary vacancy at Brighton. On
Saturday Mr. Gerald Loder (Conservative) and Mr.
E. A. Villiers (Liberal) were duly nominated.

A number of meetings were held on both sides on
Saturday evening. Sir Edward Clarke and Sir
Edward Carson were the principal speakers for
Mr. Loder.

Sir Edward Carson, at a rowdy meeting at the
Dome, told a story of a free fight at an Irish fair in
which he took part. He suddenly found himself in
the midst of the tumult, and asked a bystander: "Is
it faction or general?" "General," was the reply.
"Glory be to God," he cried, as he seized a shillelagh
and hit the first head that came handy.

Though Mr. Loder had a majority of 3,165 in
1900, there is no room for Unionist apathy.

WEEK-END MOTOR SMASH.

Several People Seriously Injured by a Disas-
trous Collision.

A serious collision between a motor-car and a
carrier's cart occurred near Wolverhampton on
Saturday night.

Members of the Wolverhampton Automobile Club
were returning from the opening run of the
cars when near Wootton Park one of the cars ran into a carrier's cart.

The man and a woman in the car were thrown
into the roadway and sustained serious injuries,
while the horse was instantly killed.

The occupants of the cart were Harold Walker,
his mother, and his grandmother, and the condition
of the last-named, who was cut about the upper
part of the body, and suffered severely from shock,
is critical.

The boy is suffering from concussion of the
brain. The motor-car was completely wrecked.

BRIDE'S WIRELESS MESSAGE.

NEW YORK, Saturday.—Mr. Marconi, expects to
have the new wireless station at Glace Bay com-
pleted in about six weeks, when his wife will send
the first Transatlantic message. They will then
return to England. Mr. Marconi hopes to so im-
prove the wireless apparatus which is used on the
liners that a hundred words a minute will be
possible.—Central News.

OCEAN CROSSED BY TURBINE LINER.

Slow Speed, but No Vibration to
Trouble Passengers.

SALT WATER TO DRINK.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

HALIFAX (N.S.), Saturday.—The Allan Line's
new turbine steamer *Victorian* arrived here at 10.45
this morning with her 1,464 passengers and mails.

The trip occupied 7 days, 22hrs. 50mins. Captain
McNichol ascribes the slow passage to
the gales and heavy seas, and to a fog
which detained the vessel for four hours. Her
average speed was only 13.23 knots. The longest
day's run was 383 knots, the lowest 233—average
317.

The turbines worked well. There was no vibration
and no "racing." In head seas they are not
so good for evolutions as the old engines with twin
screws.

In the opinion of the engineers turbines, when
improvements have been made, will be a success.
The first thing to be done, they say, is to overhaul
the boilers. But they prefer reciprocating engines.
There is no economy in fuel with turbines, as they
require the same amount of steam whether for full
speed or slow. The average coal consumption on
this voyage has been 180 tons a day.

GOOD SEA-BOAT.

For the first four days after leaving Moville the
Victorian encountered south-westerly gales and
heavy seas. She is a good sea-boat, but plunged
heavily in head seas, and it was very wet on deck
forward.

At midnight last Saturday the anchor started
the bolts of a plate on the port bow, and the
steward's quarters were flooded. The vessel had
to stop for two hours, and then went ahead slowly.

On Wednesday, she made 383 knots, and would have made
over four hundred but for having to stop for a time
to adjust the thrust of the turbines.

All the way from Moville to Halifax passengers
were much distressed by the presence of salt water
in the fresh-water drinking tanks. Little emigrant
children were given milk and lemonade to drink
free of charge.

There was tremendous excitement in the second
cabin when a cowboy, depressed by a fog, drew a
revolver upon a fellow-passenger. He was dis-
armed without having done any damage and fined.

One evening the saloon passengers had to dine
by candle-light, the electric light having failed.

To avoid ice Captain McNichol went south as
far as the latitude of New York, which lengthened
the voyage by more than three hundred knots.

The *Victorian* has proved herself a most luxurious
boat for Atlantic travel, quiet and easy; but she is
slow against a head sea, and it is not advisable to
drive her.

PLEASED WITH "GIB."

Kaiser Enjoys His Visit to and Reception at
the Famous Rock.

The German Emperor was greatly pleased with
his visit to Gibraltar, and his reception at the
hands of Sir George White and the authorities.

A banquet was given in his honour, followed by a
brilliant reception.

The Kaiser (says Reuter) expressed great pleasure
at the playing of the Artillery band, shaking
hands with Bandmaster E. J. Else.

On Saturday morning the Emperor visited the
new Military Hospital, afterwards driving through
the town to the North Front and the English Beach.

In the evening his Majesty sailed for Port
Mahon, en route for Naples, where he will board
the *Hohenzollern*.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Mr. Pierpont Morgan will probably meet the
Kaiser at Palermo.

The Turkish Ambassador in London officially
denies the rumour of the Sultan's illness.

Twenty-five German students are making a tour
of the museums and libraries in France.

The Hamburg-America line has decided to con-
sider six river steamers for use on the River Nile.

The royal train in which King Edward will travel
from Cairo to Paris yesterday made a successful
trial run over the route.

The schooner *Confidence*, of Llanelli, has been
wrecked outside St. David's Harbour, Pembrokeshire.
No lives were lost.

A brake was returning with footballers from
Briton Ferry to Neath on Saturday night when it
overturned. Four of the occupants were seriously
injured.

THE WORLD'S HIGHEST BRIDGE.

Completion of the Stupendous Work of Spanning the Zambesi.

BUILDING IN MID AIR.

At half-past seven on Saturday morning, according to a telegram received by the British South Africa Company, one of the greatest engineering feats of modern times was accomplished.

The telegram read:—"Victoria Falls Bridge met exactly even to day."

This bridge—the highest in the world—towers 420 ft. above the water in the vast gorge into which the Zambesi River plunges, and is another link in the railway chain between the Cape and Cairo.

Two years ago the contract for the work was awarded to the Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Company, of Darlington, in the face of keen American and German competition.

Built by Aerial Cable.

The engineers, Sir Douglas Fox and Partners, have had innumerable difficulties to contend against.

There was no possibility of any supports from beneath, and accordingly the structure had to be thrown across the gorge by a span of 600 ft.

No staging of any description was possible, and the entire work was carried out by means of an aerial electric cable way, 870 ft. long, stretched from steel supports on either side of the river.

A trolley was suspended from this, and, with its operator, could carry 800 tons of materials across the falls in the course of a day.

The building of this wonderful bridge was a terribly tedious, and at the same time extremely dangerous, work.

It is 220 yards from the "boiling pot" of the tremendous falls, which are three times bigger and higher than Niagara.

During eight months in the year the men worked with the spray showering over them. If a man fell into the seething, rushing water below he was doomed, and accordingly beneath the bridge-builders a travelling cradle and net were erected for safety's sake.

True to Hair's Breadth.

The task was begun on both sides of the river on the cantilever method. The most perfect calculations and measurements were required, for had the two sections failed to meet exactly, even by as much as a hair's breadth, the bridge would have been unsafe and useless.

But in the presence of Sir Charles Metcalfe, the commanding engineer, the final linking of the great span was completed on Saturday.

Two thousand tons of steel were used, and the cost of construction was enormous.

This Victoria Falls Bridge, which was severely condemned by many authorities, was one of the chief works in connection with Mr. Rhodes in connection with the Cape-to-Cairo railway.

In a letter concerning it he wrote, "We propose now to go on and cross the Zambesi just below the Victoria Falls. I should like to have the spray of the water over the carriages."

The railway to the Falls was completed last June, making a total distance of 1,635 miles from Cape Town.

KING'S RETURN TO LONDON.

About To Leave for Marseilles To Join the Queen for a Cruise.

Today the King left Knowsley for London, arriving at Euston about five o'clock, and in the evening witnessed "A Case of Arson" and "Everybody's Secret" at the Haymarket Theatre.

Queen Alexandra, who left Gibraltar for Naples in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, called at Palma in the Balearic Islands on Saturday and at Genoa yesterday.

The King is expected to join her Majesty towards the end of this week at Marseilles, when they will cruise for a time in the Mediterranean.

It is believed in France that King Edward will break his journey in Paris, and that diplomatic business has as much part in his foreign trip as in that of the Kaiser.

THE KING AND LORD KELVIN.

Lord Kelvin is now making the most satisfactory progress.

On his arrival from Knowsley on Saturday the King sent an enquiry to inquire as to the condition of the distinguished scientist.

Through an advertisement in a newspaper, Richard Cave, employed in the printing office of the "South-Eastern Herald," Greenwich, was discovered and given £1,000 left him by a deceased relative.

QUEEN OF CHARITY.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts's Active Benevolence at Ninety-one.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, as president of the Oxygen Hospital, is making a special appeal for support for the Stafford House concert, to be given on Tuesday of next week, in aid of that institution. Princess Louise (Duchess of Argyll) has promised to attend.

The appeal calls to mind the fact that Baroness Burdett-Coutts, although she enters her ninety-second year next month, still takes a keen and active interest in her many philanthropic movements.

History can scarcely find a parallel for so long and strenuous a life spent in the cause of charity.

For the past seventy years she has devoted most of her time to the distribution of her immense fortune for the benefit of the poor.

In one of her earliest works of benevolence—that of relieving the poor in the East End—she had the valuable guidance of Charles Dickens.

It was she who organised the Turkish Consolation Fund during the war with Russia in 1877, and schools and churches innumerable have been built liberally by her benefactions.

Other societies with which the Baroness is associated are the N.S.P.C.C., R.S.P.C.A., and Destitute Children's Fund, and the Skibbereen fishermen remember how she helped them in time of famine.

One of the latest schemes that has been greatly assisted by her is the proposed new soldiers and sailors' home at Waterloo.

RUSSIA'S NEW COMMANDER.



General Batyanoff, who has been appointed commander of the Third Manchurian Army.

MELBA'S TRIUMPH.

Travelled Over 26,000 Miles and Charmed Americans in Forty-five Cities.

Mme. Melba, looking radiant after her triumphant American concert tour of 26,000 miles, embracing no fewer than forty-five cities, landed at Liverpool on Saturday.

The great vocalist is to sing shortly at Covent Garden, and will probably create several new parts.

Mme. Melba is in favour of the suggested establishment of a national library for gramophone records.

"Only think," she remarked to an interviewer, "how extremely interesting it would be for me to be able to go to the British Museum and hear Jenny Lind sing 'Il Re Pastore,' by Mozart, accompanied by Joachim.

"This is a number which I frequently have the pleasure of singing, also to the accompaniment of Joachim.

"The great violinist has presented me with Jenny Lind's 'Cadenza,' which I always use."

BISHOP AND VICAR.

The Bishop of St. Albans has decided on a line of legal action against the Rev. R. C. Fillingham, of Hexton, for ordaining to the office of presbyter Mr. White, at a religious ceremony in a dissenting mission-room at Southend.

Mr. Fillingham did this in defiance of formal warning from the Bishop.

MR. CARNEGIE'S BAND.

In pursuance of their instructions to make Dumbarton an ideal town, the Carnegie trustees have decided to start a new band. New instruments are to be bought for £400.

A cycle track is also to be laid out, swimming competitions are to be promoted, and a college of hygiene and physical culture is to be founded.

M.P.S AND FISHERS.

Hardy Scotsmen Defeated at Golf by the Premier's Team.

QUAINT INCIDENTS.

The ten fishermen who travelled from Inverlochy to Sandwich to play the Prime Minister and other legislators at golf on Saturday will return to their fishing village on the right ear of Scotland, "pro mend me this day."

Each man has had added to his "bag o' sticks" a new club, presented by his opponent in the memorable match.

On the driver which he gave to "Joe" Balfour the Prime Minister wrote in ink:

To George Balfour, from Arthur James Balfour, April 1, 1905.

"That," said Joe, as his mates call him, thinking Mr. Balfour, "is the best April joke ever practised on me. I'll keep it till my day's up, and I'll no' be for playin' w'it it, for fear it should come by scath. It's maist kind o' ye, sir, maist kind. I'm thinkin' J dinna deserve it, for ye've gien' us a bad beating."

The House of Commons won three "foursomes" to two in the forenoon, and in the afternoon they won all the five matches, thus making them victorious by 8 to 2.

Pen Picture of Premier.

About three hundred men, women, and children followed Mr. Balfour in the afternoon leaving the other "foursomes" unobserved.

In all respects the players were more interesting than their play.

The quiet demeanour of the men in blue, with their broad shoulders and rounded backs, contrasted with the giant figure of hearty Mr. Hambo and the tall, slender form of the Prime Minister; his salt-white hair gathered under an old brown silk cap that might have been fashionable twenty years ago; his golfing jacket giving at the seams from much swinging and bending; and his ashé features drawn with the vexations of office.

To know how the game was going it was only necessary to look at Mr. Balfour. When the fishermen got in front he became silent and anxious, occasionally standing with crossed legs in a puzzled reverie that would have gratified Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had the source of concern been the fate of the Government instead of the fate of a golf match.

When leading during the afternoon the Prime Minister was a changed man.

Once, as he stood wagging his iron club after pitching the ball into a bunker, he said to his partner: "Do you know, Eric, I once went on wagging my club like this for a fortnight after a fozze?" Mr. Hambo roared with laughter, and Mr. Balfour's eyes flashed lim.

The fishermen wondered whether they, too, might laugh, but blushed instead.

Fishermen Nervous.

As the spectators pressed upon the players and the fishermen had lost five holes in succession, Mr. Balfour said to "Joe":—"The people are putting you off your game. I do not mind them in the least. I am accustomed to spectators. Not half of them are golfers. I will have them kept back." And he did.

"Will" Whyte, the skipper of the golf team, speaking of the club luncheon, delivered himself thus: "Fancy us and the heads of the British Government sittin' eatin' thegither. It would have made a grand subject for an oil paintin'. These gentlemen were a' Kings and Prince of Wales and didn't know it."

The fishermen would have liked to challenge the House of Commons to a return match at Inverlochy, but feared that that was "out o' the question for likes o' ns."

The other results in the morning were:—Messrs. O. Scott and A. B. Tennyson beat Skiff and George Stephen; Messrs. H. W. Forster and A. W. Somers beat Sang, Richie, and Robert Stephen; Messrs. A. J. Hambo, Mr. James Balfour, and George Stephen lost to J. C. Balfour and Robert Mason; and Sir Henry Seton-Karr and Mr. L. Wanklyn beat William and James. With the exception of the leading on the morning of the other matches to two.

In the afternoon the Premier and Mr. Hambo easily defeated the Buchans; Forster and Somers beat Richie and Sang; and Somers and the Whites, after a couple of singles, Marshall Hall beat Mason and Pym beat Buchan, the Parliamentary team thus securing the match by 8 points to 2.

BRITISH JU-JITSU.

Mr. Percy Rolt, of Brighton, succeeded on Saturday night in winning the £200 which Taro Miyaki, the Japanese ju-jitsu champion appearing at the Lyceum Theatre, offers to anyone who can withstand defeat at his hands for ten minutes.

Mr. Rolt, who is a son of Captain Rolt, chief of the Brighton Fire Brigade, was studying ju-jitsu for twelve months, and will make another effort one night this week to defeat Miyaki, which would mean the winning of £1,000, offered by the champion to anyone who can beat him.

Fifty trained charwomen have banded themselves into a society, called the Association of Trained Charwomen, with headquarters in Buckingham Street, Strand.

NOBLE LADY'S GRIEF.

Queen's Bridesmaid Who Kept Her Husband's Ashes by Her Side.

Lady Diana Huddleston, who was one of Queen Alexandra's eight bridesmaids, died on Saturday at the age of sixty-four, after some months of ill-health which the most skilful specialists were unable to alleviate.

Daughter of the ninth Duke of St. Albans, and aunt of the present Duke, Lady Diana was born Lady Diana Beauclerk in 1841, and married Baron Huddleston in 1872.

She never recovered from the loss of her husband in 1890, and everywhere she went the ashes of the Baron, who was cremated at Woking, accompanied her. The small bronze urn containing them always stood on a table beside her bed.

It was his wish that he should be buried with her, and that was why she would not allow his remains to be placed in the family vault while she lived.

Lady Victoria Scott is the only other bridesmaid of Queen Alexandra who has died.

The remaining six are all married—except Lady Victoria Howard, aunt of the present Earl of Suffolk.

SURVIVOR OF LADYSMITH.

Death of Mr. H. H. S. Pearse, Who Described War in Many Lands.

When Ladysmith was relieved there was a gaunt war correspondent among the starved-looking throng which welcomed the relieving force on the outskirts of the town.

Suddenly he gave a cry. In the ranks of the marching men he had recognised his two sons. While he had been shut up in the beleaguered town they had left England for South Africa as Volunteers. That was the first he knew about it.

This war correspondent was Mr. Henry H. S. Pearse, who died on Saturday. He had acted as correspondent to the "Graphic," serving first with the Gordon Relief Expedition in 1884.

He was again in the Soudan, with Lord Kitchener, in 1890. Once he was mistaken for Lord Kitchener. A special train was waiting to take the General from Dover to London when Mr. Pearse, with several other correspondents, walked into the station.

It was not until Mr. Pearse had politely declined to enter the saloon reserved for the hero of the day that the mistake was realised.

TOMMY ATKINS UPLIFTED.

His Social Rise Brought About by New Conditions of Service.

An improvement in the character and social standing of Tommy Atkins is noted with satisfaction in the annual report of the British Army just published. It is attributed to the new regulation, which requires a "character" for every recruit.

The numbers of recruits last year do not appear to have been increased by the more attractive rates of pay, but there is a total divergence of opinion on this matter in different recruiting centres.

Of the men leaving the colonies and entered on employment registers, sixty-eight per cent. obtained situations, in spite of the decline of trade.

The strength of the regular forces is 289,928, and the Volunteers are less by 89,336 than the 345,817 provided for by the Estimates.

BOOK WITH A HISTORY.

Author and Publisher Lost Their Right Hands on Account of It.

The sixth day of the sale of the John Scott Library at Sotheby's brought the total up to about £15,050.

A series of original letters and papers relating to Queen of Scots realised £235.

One book sold, John Stubbs's "The Discoverie of the Gaping Gulf," is interesting because author and publisher had their right hands cut off on account of it, Stubbs shouting "God save Queen Elizabeth" during the operation. This book fetched £101.

When Mr. Abraham Mitchell's collection of modern pictures was sold at Christie's on Saturday afternoon, 121 pictures, with twenty-seven important canvases from the collection of Mr. Joseph Mitchell, brought in a total of about £8,500.

THE TIELESS PREMIER.

The other night Mr. Balfour appeared at a party minus his tie.

At first the guests maintained a discreet silence, but wondered what it all meant.

A friend later on, however, drew the Premier's attention to the omission. The right honourable gentleman merely replied, in a laconic way, "it doesn't matter. It is quite unnecessary."

100,000 APRIL FOOLS.

How Oxford Deceived the Knowing Ones on Boatrace Day.

EASY VICTORY.

One hundred thousand people made April fools of! That was what the Cambridge crew accomplished just before 12 o'clock on Saturday last, April 1.

Quite 200,000 people went to see the Boatrace this year, and half of them "were for Cambridge."

This half firmly believed that Cambridge would either win or share the honours of a grandly contested race.

To show how firmly they believed it they wore, among them, 50,000 Light Blue tokens in the forms of rosettes, button-hole birds, or, if the wearers liked striking methods of adornment, hatsbands. Out of 100,000 reasons for backing Cambridge three stood out pre-eminent.

1. Cambridge were the heavier crew, with equal "form."

2. Cambridge had four men who had rowed a winning Putney to Mortlake race before.

3. Cambridge had been "tipped" as winners, in a half-hearted way, by a rowing critic who had "tipped" Oxford for the last twenty years.

All Calculations Upset.

Let us see how Cambridge celebrated the First of April by upsetting all these calculations. The crew came out on to the river and into the sun looking fit to fight for a kingdom—certainly to row for a university.

There was a confident smile on the face of Thomas, No. 4, who was supposed to be half-trained, because he had been hunting big game while the other men were practising.

When the starting-signal was given Cambridge showed their belief in themselves by rowing one stroke less in the first minute than Oxford did.

In that minute Oxford gained half a length. Afterwards Cambridge pulled a faster stroke than Oxford, but this did not deter the latter from steadily gaining.

There was a little bit of a race for the first half-mile, and after that three lengths, never much more, and never much less, represented the difference in the positions of the boats until the winning post was passed.

Cambridge kept on dipping their blades quicker and quicker, pulling harder and harder, rowing shorter and shorter, and going slower and slower.

The smile died away from the face of Thomas. He looked as annoyed as if he were up a tropical tree without his gun, with a lion sitting waiting at the bottom.

Plucky Though Defeated.

The pluck shown by himself and his seven colleagues was beyond praise. Occasionally they spurted and reduced Oxford's lead by a few yards—which were directly afterwards put on again.

When Cambridge reached the winning-post, losers by three lengths, the men fell about in the boat in all directions. It was no fault of theirs that they had made the silent half of the throng on the towing-path April fools.

Powell, reputed to be the best oar in the two boats, was the most "baked." He nearly collapsed into the river. This showed how hard he had been rowing.

Jones, Oxford's enormous No. 5, had a little April Fool's Day joke all to himself. Some people had hinted that he was too enormous to pull his weight. They said that he would be "distressed" at the finish.

But Jones was not a bit distressed. His smile was a large component part of Oxford's united smile of triumph, which was one of the most exhilarating features of the winning-post scene.

The time of the "race" was 20min. 35sec.

DAILY MIRROR' MOTOR-BOAT

How the First News of Oxford's Victory Was Conveyed to Thousands.

One of the sensations of Saturday's Boatrace was the *Daily Mirror* motor-launch, which announced the result of the race to the thousands crowding the banks.

In less than a quarter of an hour from the finish the launch, the fastest belonging to the famous torpedo-boat builders, Messrs. Thornycroft, had traversed the whole course from Mortlake to Putney, and in an incredibly short space of time had informed the vast crowds, long before the usual semi-official craft had even left Mortlake.

It was a sensational voyage. With the boat churning through the water at twenty-five miles an hour.

There was also the spice of danger from collision, but the hard-faced young coxswain of the launch threaded his way through the traffic in marvellous style.

Mr. Justice Graham arrived at Southampton from Madeira on Saturday. His health has improved considerably.

SLANDERED NURSE.

£50 Damages Awarded by a Welsh Jury Against Her Detractor.

A verdict of £50 damages, with costs, was obtained at the Glamorgan Assizes on Saturday against John Cowley by Margaret Jane Pugh.

As nurse she was employed by the workmen at the Areal Griffin Colliery, Six Bells, Monmouthshire, where Cowley was also employed.

On October 8, 1904, the workmen of the colliery held a meeting, at which the question of her employment came under discussion.

After the meeting the defendant is said to have stated:—"If those men at the meeting only knew as much as I about that nurse, they wouldn't have been the same as they were. These lines (meaning certain letters which defendant took from his pocket) I have got will condemn her. It is her own handwriting. The character she brought here was absolutely false, and, more than that, she has been divulging medical secrets. When the doctor was away upon his holidays, she was sitting up till two or three in the morning with the assistant."

On September 3 defendant was further alleged to have said:—"I knew her (meaning plaintiff) before she came here. I know every place she has been to and why she had to leave. She is nothing but a waster."

Miss Pugh, who wore her professional dress in court, gave evidence of the injury the statements had done her. When she spoke to the prisoner on the subject he denied having maligned her.

Many witnesses gave evidence as to the great universal affection the nurse had earned, and the verdict was received with great satisfaction.

MR. C. S. EGERTON,



The recently appointed Senior Superintendent of the London Fire Brigade.

METHOD IN MADNESS.

Magistrate Unmoved by a Prisoner's Hysterical Screaming.

Apparently in a paroxysm of madness, a man named Henry Godbolt was brought before the South-Western Police Court on Saturday charged with obtaining money by false pretences from Brixton ladies.

He tore at his face with his fingers in a sort of frenzy, and rent his clothing with fine effect. From time to time he emitted yells so horrible that several women in the back of the court had hysterics, and had to be removed by the police.

But his groans had little effect on Mr. de Grey, who proceeded to hear the charge.

"I know you are acting a part," said Mr. de Grey, "but you won't be able to take me in. What have you to say in defence?"

"Oh, you can do what you like," replied the prisoner, with an admirable air of idiocy.

Mr. de Grey: "I don't believe you are mentally affected, and you must go to prison for three months."

CAPTURE OF A RECTORY.

A party of six people, headed by a lady, descended on the rectory of Bramston, near Daventry, and took possession while the vicar was out, barring all the doors.

On the rector's return they were evicted by the police. The lady claims to be heiress-at-law of the former owners of the rectory.

LAID ASIDE HIS HELMET.

A constable who exchanged his helmet for a bowler hat had the satisfaction of arresting two men who had stolen two legs of pork from a slaughterhouse. He was complimented by the Bench at Thames Police Court for his clever ruse.

£133,000 "INVENTION."

Remarkable Story of "Equation XX" and a Searchlight.

SINGULAR CHARGE.

"Equation XX" was the name given by Arthur Eddy, a chemist's assistant, to a powerful solution he claimed to have invented.

In explaining the use of his alleged invention to Mr. William Clatworthy, of Plymouth, he said that by passing an electric current through it he was able to produce a light so intense as completely to eclipse in brilliance all the searchlights in existence.

Therefore, as was only natural, he had applied his invention to the production of a new searchlight, which he had christened the "Official Globe."

This invention, he said, had been sold by him to the Government for £133,000.

He showed Mr. Clatworthy some drawings and plans, which he said were those of his invention. He had to go to Exeter to superintend the construction of his machine.

For this work money was required. Mr. Clatworthy, who had known Eddy from his youth, advanced him some amounting in all to £1,202, which Eddy said were expended on the ingredients for making "Equation XX."

Owed His Landlady £10.

Later Eddy showed Mr. Clatworthy some alleged "official letters." They were stamped with the royal arms, and made mention of the names of Mr. Hale Seymour and Mr. Fisher. These gentlemen, he said, were continually in touch with the heads of the Treasury, Admiralty, and War Office.

But Mr. Clatworthy had been shown other letters, in which Eddy's landlady in Mortimer-street complained that he owed her £10.

This caused him to make closer inquiries, and led to his being informed that the searchlight was quite a myth.

Eddy appeared at Bow-street on Saturday, and was remanded on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences.

THREE GIRLS IN A CAB.

To Say Nothing of a Doctor Who Lost His Watch and Chain.

"And there was I with three girls in a cab."

With these graphic words, Mr. E. Fielder, a Watford physician, described the climax of a series of adventures he experienced in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square.

Sterling ordering the reporters not to give the case publicity, he told the Marlborough-street Bench how he met Miss Clara King in the Haymarket, and how the party was increased by two more ladies.

While he was paying the cabman, his guests disappeared, and he found that his gold watch and chain, and an instrument case, worth £50 in all, had also gone.

Clara King, an artificial flower-maker, who denied having seen the watch, was remanded on a charge of having stolen the missing property.

QUIXOTIC LANDLADY.

Abstaining Publican Who Declines the Chance of Making More Profit.

It is not often that a licensing Bench is troubled by the sectional prejudices of an occupier of licensed premises.

The Northumberland County magistrates, however, have just settled a difficulty arising from this cause.

The owner of a public-house at Cramlington objected to carry out the Bench's request that she should enlarge her premises, although it was to her financial advantage to do so.

The difficulty was complicated by the fact that the licence could not be taken away from her, as the establishment was an ante-1859 beerhouse.

The landlady finally agreed to build an extra storey to the house, which would not enlarge the area set aside for the purpose of supplying drink.

TALE OF A CAT.

The Lyceum management is to be summoned by the R.S.P.C.A. for alleged cruelty to a cat.

The animal is made to stand on the backs of two chairs while dogs jump over it. Sometimes the cat is knocked down.

The trick is a very old one, and the management pooh-poohs the idea of cruelty.

Scattering handfuls of jewellery—not his own—in High-street, Birmingham, James Lee, who broke a jeweller's shop window for supplies of the precious missiles, was arrested. His excuse was that he was out of work.

STRANGE APPLICATION.

Mr. Plowden Declines an Official Visit to a Sick Lady.

Mr. Plowden on Saturday added a new experience to the many that have fallen to his lot in the Marylebone Police Court.

A solicitor, representing an old lady residing near Hyde Park, said that his client had given her butler in charge for stealing a quantity of plate valued at £50.

As the lady was an invalid, and had not been out of doors for three and a half years, she could not attend the court to give evidence.

He therefore asked the magistrate to attend at the lady's house for the purpose of taking her depositions, or to depose someone else to do so.

In support of this application he stated that the police had said they would let the accused man go unless the lady attended to give her evidence.

Such an outcome of the case would be a direct incentive to dishonest men to rob helpless invalids like the lady in question.

Police evidence showed that there was nothing to justify the charge against the butler, who denied all knowledge of the missing silver.

Mr. Plowden characterised the suggestion that he should attend the lady's residence and take evidence as a most extraordinary one. He had never heard of such a thing.

The solicitor then withdrew.

IN THE CHURCHYARD.

Woman's Wit Devises a Novel Expedient for Removing an "Objection to Children."

The expedites to which poor people with children are driven in order to obtain lodgings were illustrated by a story told at Worship-street on Saturday.

A woman, when in search of apartments, was asked the usual question, "Have you any children?"

"Ah, they are in the churchyard," she answered mournfully.

Having let her the accommodation asked for, the landlord was thunderstruck to find young children among his new tenants.

"I thought you had buried your children," he complained.

"I said they were in the churchyard," was the explanation, "and so they were. I left them on a seat there while I took your lodgings."

The narrator, who appeared at the court for crowding his wife and family of four into one small room, was given time to find suitable apartments.

ENGLAND WOFULY BEHIND.

Admiralty Buys Foreign Goods Because They Are Better Than English.

Mr. Arnold-Forster, the Secretary for War, appeared on the same platform as Mr. W. Crooks, M.P., on Saturday night.

The occasion was the distribution of prizes to the students of the Woolwich Polytechnic.

It was high time, said the War Secretary, that England kept abreast of the times and not allowed our requirements to be manufactured by foreigners.

This country should cease to be outdistanced by such countries as Germany and the United States.

Going through a list of war stores of the Navy one day he found that three-quarters of the carbons for the electric lamps were supplied from France.

It was a serious thing that articles upon which we had to depend in time of war should come from abroad and be supplied because they were superior to English manufacture.

We were woefully behind in matters of scientific organisation, but he was glad that there was to be an improvement in this respect.

AN ERROR AS TO MR. HOLDEN.

In our issue of March 24 we summarised the reports of the proceedings in two cases tried in the Appeal Court and Clerkenwell County Court, in which husbands were held liable for debts for military supplies to their wives—namely, the respective claims of Messrs. Paquin and Co. (the well-known costumiers), against Mrs. Mary Dubois Holden, and of a draper against a Post Office clerk.

In error we stated that Mr. Holden, having got into hopeless financial difficulties, absconded. This statement is without foundation in fact, and we much regret that we should have been led into making it.

BUY A BOX OF CHOCOLATES.

"Speak to her in the same way as you spoke to her before you married her. Tell her some of the sweet little things you told her when you were walking together. Buy her a box of chocolates, and take her home."

This advice was given to a young Russian at Stratford court on Saturday, whose wife had asked for a separation order.

DANGER IN THE WATERCRESS.

Medical Officer Says Part of London's Supply Is Polluted.

SERIOUS POSITION.

For some time the dark suspicion of pollution has hovered over the supply of watercress to London. The seriousness of this can be gauged from the fact that as much as 1,000 tons of this favourite uncooked vegetable is consumed in the metropolis every year.

The medical officer of health for the London County Council has just presented a report on investigations of the water from the 120 beds which supply London with its watercress within a radius of fifty miles.

Whilst the officer says that there is no material risk attached to the consumption of most of the cress sent to town, objection must be made to some of the beds and steps taken to prevent their product entering the market.

In some cases surface drainage was allowed to enter the beds; in other cases artificial manure works were situated within twenty yards of the beds, while other offensive trades were carried on within 300 yards.

At another set of beds visited evidence was found of occasional contamination from a river and cesspool overflows.

The report was referred to the Local Government Board.

THE TIDE OF RATES.

Where It Rises and Where It Ebbs in the Metropolitan Area.

During last year the rates have gone up in nineteen of the metropolitan boroughs, and have decreased in seven.

Such is the effect of the return to be presented to the L.C.C. to-morrow.

The principal figures are:

| INCREASES. | | |
|---------------|----------|------------------------|
| Harmondsworth | 7 8-10d. | Stoke Newington .. 4d. |
| Harrow | 7 8-10d. | Denton .. 4d. |
| Poplar | 6 3-10d. | Lambeth .. 4d. |
| Battersea | 5d. | |

| DECREASES. | | |
|------------|----------|---------------------------|
| Hoborn | 5 4-10d. | Harmondsworth .. 2 7-10d. |
| Greenwich | 4 4-10d. | Westminster .. 2 5-10d. |

The lowest-rated borough is Kensington; the highest, Poplar.

THE NEWEST ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

Second Part of this Great Reference Work

Ready To-morrow.

The enormous demand upon the first fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" still continues, although the second part will be in the hands of the public to-morrow.

Judging by the extraordinary run upon copies of Part I, which resulted in the entire edition being sold out within an hour of its publication, it is clear that no one who wishes to make sure of a copy of the second fortnightly instalment will be prudent if he neglects to order it to-day. Thousands of persons who wanted the first part had to wait for a week before they could obtain a copy. This was not the fault of the newsmen, as the publishers found it absolutely impossible to meet the enormous demand at once. It is expected, however, that all orders will be met by to-day.

The second instalment of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" contains, like the first, 100 pages, each bearing three columns of closely but clearly printed matter, profusely illustrated with maps, plans, photographs, and sketches. Several articles of exceptional interest at the present moment will be found in the second part, which will be published to-morrow.

Every one of the 1,200 articles contained in the part has been kept open till the moment of going to press, and by this means the most up-to-date information on every point has been included.

The price of each fortnightly part of "The Harmsworth Encyclopædia" is sevenpence. Thus the most complete and up-to-date work of reference in the world is obtainable at the nominal cost of one halfpenny per day.

IF YOU ASK

Early in the Morning

YOU CAN HAVE
PART II. THE

HARMSWORTH ENCYCLOPÆDIA

Price 7d. Complete in 40 Parts.

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Princess Christian will visit Edwinstowe, Wales, on Easter Tuesday, and not on Easter Monday as originally arranged.

Impudently stealing uniforms out of a police station in Dublin, Henry Clarke was captured, charged, and remanded.

Beer-selling by weight is the novel solution of the "long pull" problem, suggested by the Oldham and District Licensed Victuallers' Association.

At the age of 112 years, Hugh O'Donnell, known as "Hughie from Tory," has just died at Bloody Foreland, Ireland. He was an inveterate smoker and story-reader.

Whilst at play Jessie Savant, aged six, of Lillie- road, Fulham, thrust a small button in her nose. She had to be attended at the Queen's Jubilee Hospital in order to have it removed.

The champion tract distributor of the world is said to be Mr. A. E. Eccles, of Chorley, Lancs, who claims to have circulated 40,000,000 publications on temperance, religion, and politics.

Objecting to vaccination for children because in one case it had made a child of his "peevish and bad-tempered," an applicant has obtained an exemption certificate from Judge Austin at Bristol.

On the retirement of Senior Superintendent A. Lester from the London Fire Brigade, the London County Council will to-morrow be asked to grant him a pension of £198 per annum to which the regulations entitle him.

In order that the public may judge of their action without being influenced by the management, music-hall artists will "bill" in alphabetical order, and in uniform type, from to-day at Mr. Frank Macnaghten's variety halls in Bradford.

Members of Parliament are betting on the date of the general election. One has bet four separate silk hats that it will be this year.

To see "Peter Pan" at its reprodution, by Mr. C. Frohman, next December 14 seats have already been booked for the Christmas holidays.

An impostor is soliciting subscriptions for the Royal Eye Hospital by sending appeals to the charitable, enclosing a report of the annual meeting.

Railway employees at Crewe, who have been on short time for nearly two years, have received the welcome news that full time is now to be started in parts of the works.

Fragments of coal having been discovered in the action of the sea at Joppa, four miles from Edinburgh, an expert says that in all probability a great coalfield underlies Scotland's capital.

In a box occupied by a pigeon sitting on two eggs a cat has just given birth to three kittens. This curious incident is reported by Mr. Englefield, of Bordesley Green Tavern, Small Heath, Birmingham.

In a case heard at Newport, Isle of Wight, the clerk of the court said that a person who has been summoned for keeping a dog without a licence cannot be proceeded against a second time, even if he still fails to take out a licence.

Hellingley (Sussex) is a village with a grievance. Out of fifty-three burials in its cemetery forty were inmates from the neighbouring asylum. The cemetery is only two acres. Moreover, the number of deaths seems a reflection on the healthiness of the village. Now the parish council and the county council to provide their own cemetery.

JAPANESE PRISONERS COMMIT SUICIDE.



Russian papers report that fifty Japanese soldiers who were confined in the village of Medwiedi, Novgorod, have committed suicide—some by har-i-kari and others by poisoning themselves. Our photograph shows these prisoners soon after they arrived at Medwiedi.

Sacramental wine and £2 in cash have been stolen from the Wesleyan Chapel at New Cross.

Ordinary shareholders of the Belfast Tramways are to receive a distribution of about £10 1s. a share.

Golf as a training for Army officers is recommended by Captain St. John, of the London Scottish, because it teaches discipline, and that a game is never lost till it is won.

An eccentric Mumbles (Swansea) resident, Llewellyn Thomas, has just been badly injured, in an attempt to walk along the telephone wires, which broke under his weight.

A trading competition in aid of the funds of a new Congregational Sunday-school, at Chorley, Lancs., each competitor starting with £1, resulted in one young lad making a profit of £1 12s. 6d., while another made £1 11s.

Mr. P. J. Cooke, professor of elocution at the Northern Polytechnic, Holloway, will be the judge in the open competition for the best short essay on the character of Hamlet, for which the London Concert Direction Company offer a silver medal.

Regretting that he had no power to order a whipping for James Brown, aged sixteen, who was caught climbing into a van and taking sugar out of a sack, the South-Western magistrate bound him over to come up for judgment if called upon.

An illegal by-law has been discovered at Cardiff. In a street-lighting case it was contended that the by-law providing for a penalty of 40s. goes farther than the general law, which provides that the parties should enter into securities for good behaviour, and that therefore it cannot be enforced. The case was adjourned.

In fourteen months, ended last Saturday, 128,000 farthing breakfasts were supplied to children by the Salvation Army in London.

Mill-street Congregational Chapel, Newport, Mon., is about to celebrate its 265th anniversary. It is believed that this is the oldest chapel in Wales.

The largest pike of the year has been captured by Mr. W. K. Wallis, of Nottingham, who drew his "catch," a 334-pounder, out of Exton Lake, Rutland.

"No, sir; he is a Bristolian," said a father, in reply to the magistrate's question: "Is your son a Roman Catholic?" during the hearing of a charge of foul-stealing.

A descendant of King Malcolm Canmore has just passed away at St. Boswells in the person of Lieutenant-Colonel T. A. Riddell-Carre, late of the Royal Scots Fusiliers. His son, the new laird of Cavers Carre, is a captain in the Army.

The purchase of a genuine Turner for a few shillings took place at Oldham, not at West Hartlepool, as reported. Mr. A. M. Cullin has submitted his lucky "find" to Mr. Stanfield, of the Manchester Art Gallery, who pronounces it genuine.

In the hearing of rent applications at Limerick Judge Adams reduced one rental from £120 to £75, and another from £75 to £25. "The farmers of Ireland," remarked his Honour, "lost £1,000,000 on agricultural produce last year as compared with previous years."

The Rev. J. H. Iowett, a popular Birmingham Free Church minister, has been severely taken to task for assisting in a welcome given to Bishop Gore. In reply he says that if he thought the criticisms actually illustrated the temper of Nonconformity he would "be out of it to-morrow."

MARVELS OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

"Daily Mirror" Negatives Developed in a Train.

SOLDIER AS NURSE.

After the Boatrace on Saturday there followed another contest, which was as keenly contested and, to those concerned, was even more exciting than the event of the day itself.

Everyone knows that on Saturday evening four London music-halls were able to show moving pictures of the race, but few realise the amount of work done at racing speed which such an accomplishment involves. Four machines were focussed on the race, each of them taking hundreds of photographs a minute, and all these hundreds of photographs had to be developed and prepared for putting on the machines which were to show them at night in a few hours. Such feats have become almost the commonplace of modern life, yet, remembering that they would have been absolutely impossible but a few years ago, they surely deserve to be ranked among its marvels.

The public has almost ceased to wonder at seeing the events of the day shown, as they actually happened, upon a screen in the evening. It is even growing accustomed to seeing photographs of the happenings of one day reproduced in the *Daily Mirror* of the next morning. Yet both are astonishing feats, and the latter, with its added difficulty of making blocks from which the illustrations are printed, and the printing and distributing of hundreds of thousands of papers all over the kingdom, involves the employment of the most up-to-date improvements and the application of the utmost enterprise and energy from all concerned.

DEVELOPED ON THE TRAIN.

The photographs taken at Aintree during the running of the Grand National Steeplechase, which were reproduced in most of the *Daily Mirror* appearing next morning, were taken at Liverpool after three o'clock on Friday afternoon. The films for the Biograph Company, which intended showing them at the Palace Theatre that night, were taken at the same time. The films and, thanks to the courtesy of the Biograph Company, the *Daily Mirror* photographs were developed in a specially prepared saloon carriage during the run from Liverpool to London, where they arrived at nine o'clock in the evening.

After that came the race to the *Daily Mirror* office, the preparation of the blocks and plates for the printing machines, and the printing of the *Daily Mirror* in time for the early morning distribution.

Such feats are now expected of the *Daily Mirror*, and the public that expects them will not be disappointed; but it can be readily understood that the race to show photographs of such contests are as exciting as the contests themselves.

SOLDIER AS NURSE.

The soldier Perloff, whose photograph, taken with that of the seven-months-old baby to which he is acting as nurse, is reproduced on page 8, is for the moment being applauded by the people of St. Petersburg as though he were a hero.

And, indeed, he has accomplished no mean feat. His lieutenant had a son born during the war, its mother having gone out to the front as a Red Cross nurse with Kuropatkin's army. It was impossible that the infant could stay at the army headquarters, so Perloff undertook to take it to St. Petersburg, a task he has successfully accomplished after weeks of trouble and weary travel. Small wonder that the women of St. Petersburg are wildly enthusiastic over the skill and care of the soldier-nurse.

RUSH OF WEDDINGS.

Nearly a Hundred Fashionable Weddings During Last Four Days of April.

The fact that Easter Sunday falls as late as the 23rd, leaves only four days in which impatient brides and bridegrooms who wish to avoid both Lent and unlucky May can be married according to the recognised canons of social propriety and superstition.

Easter Monday and the following Friday are, of course, not considered suitable days.

The result has been that nearly 100 fashionable weddings will be celebrated on the 25th, 26th, 27th, and 29th.

The principal weddings to be solemnised on these days are:—

Colonel John Halsted Crawford, 32nd Lancers (Indian Army), and the Lady Gertrude Molyneux, sister of the Earl of Sefton.

Lieutenant Cecil Chichester, R.N., son of the General Chichester, and Miss Charlotte Cottrell-Davies.

Lord Herbert Scott, D.S.O., Irish Guards, son of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, and Miss Marie Edwards, daughter of the late Mr. James Edwards, of Devon.

The Earl of Malmesbury and the Hon. Dorothy Calthorpe, daughter of Lord and Lady Calthorpe.

Captain Francis Farquhar, D.S.O., Coldstream Guards, son of Sir Francis Farquhar, Bart., and the Lady Elizabeth Hely Hutchinson, sister of the Earl of Donoughmore.

NOTICE TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business Offices of the *Daily Mirror* are—
12, WHITEFRIARS-STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1810 and 2190 Holborn.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Refex," London.
PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

"O. K." SAUCE MONDAY!
"O. K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!
"O. K." SAUCE But all good housewives
"O. K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
"O. K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O. K." SAUCE Mason's "O. K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 3, 1905

THE KING AND MR. BALFOUR.

THE political situation abounds in curiosities. One of the most curious is that a very advanced Radical newspaper is calling upon King Edward to exercise his prerogative and dismiss the present Ministry from office!

Imagine what would be said if the Tories were to suggest that his Majesty should prove himself "the monarch of his people" and should put a summary end to an unpopular Government. They would be accused of wanting to break down the Constitution, of tampering with the liberties of the British race.

And, furthermore, they would be rightly accused. The King of England cannot dismiss a Ministry. He cannot even suggest that it should resign. Until it chooses to resign, or comes to the end of its seven years of office, there is no constitutional way of getting rid of it, however unpopular it may be.

The real remedy for such an unsatisfactory state of affairs as exists at present is to alter the law which ordains that general elections shall be held every seven years. Elections ought to be held at least every three years. Then it would be impossible for a Government to remain very long in office against the wish of the majority of the nation.

If the Liberals are sincere in their professions, they should make a Triennial Act a leading feature in their programme. That would be both more practical and more sensible than calling upon the King to do what he is far too wise ever to dream of doing. If the royal prerogative were to be revived in the direction suggested, the Liberals would very soon be agitating for its removal again. It would be a two-edged weapon indeed!

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH.

It has been calculated that out of every five important positions in England three are held by Scotsmen.

Yet when an Englishman tries for an important position in Scotland there is a tremendous outcry. So great was the hubbub raised last week over the application by the town clerk of Fulham for the town clerkship of Glasgow that the too-daring Southron withdrew his candidature and took the first train back to London.

England seems to be the one country in the world which gives natives of other countries an absolutely unrestricted field. In France or Germany you scarcely ever see a foreign name upon a shop. Here they abound. Who ever saw an English attendant in an Italian or a Swiss hotel? Yet English waiters are almost as scarce in England as they are on the Continent.

Most of the best paying trades and occupations in England are full of foreigners. They come here and grow rich, and in a few years' time talk about "we English" and "our great country" until the genuine Englishman feels quite as if he were an interloper.

As for the English nation's cousins—the Scotch, the Irish, the Americans—they are to be found everywhere in England, occupying the highest places and making rapid fortunes without any objection raised. Yet who ever heard of an Englishman going to Scotland or Ireland and becoming a great man?

It is laziness on the Englishman's part?

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest—Laurence Sterne, author of "Tristram Shandy."

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS evening Mr. E. F. Benson, otherwise "Do-do" Benson, is the guest of the Authors' Club at dinner. He certainly will not be greeted with what he found to be the ideal of wealthy feeding while he was travelling in Greece. He and some companions were benighted on the top of a mountain pass and spent the night with a party of shepherds. One of them asked Mr. Benson if he knew Queen Victoria, and then went on to say: "I suppose she is very rich." "Yes," said Mr. Benson. "So rich," said the shepherd interrogatively, "that I daresay she has dinned meat for dinner every day?" It is rather a strange idea of wealth.

* * *

Luckily for Mr. Benson he is not a superstitious man. If he had been really nervous on the subject

of the "fatal thirteen" he would have been frightened to death during one of his trips to Egypt. He was taken ill, and his doctor said it was sunstroke. For sunstroke, accordingly, he was treated for thirteen days. Then it was found to be typhoid. He was put on a steamer to go to Cairo; his cabin was No. 13. On landing he was taken to a hotel, and his room was No. 104—eight times thirteen. Thirteen began to go on his nerves, so on the excuse that the room was too hot he had himself moved. His new room was No. 78—six times thirteen. After that he has let thirteen have its own way, especially as he was declared dead on the 26th of the month—twice thirteen.

* * *

Lord Delamere is becoming so "Africanised" that he has just let his beautiful Cheshire home, Vale Royal, for ten years, so that he may devote his full time to developing his 100,000 acres of land

in British East Africa. I don't wonder that he should have such a preference for Africa. He is safer there. After his first trip, in which he went to the Cape, he has not yet trodden, shot much big game of almost record size, and had mighty adventures; he returned home without a scratch. No sooner was he back than he was thrown while hunting and very seriously hurt—at one time it looked as though he would be a cripple for life.

* * *

Directly he was better he went off on another shooting and exploring expedition, and once more got back safely. Again he went hunting, and had even worse spill at the same spot. But that second spill was a blessing in disguise. The Master of the Hounds was Lord Enniskillen. His youngest daughter made a charming companion and amateur nurse to the convalescent. The sequel was a wedding, within three months of which the bride and bridegroom were off, big-game shooting again, to South Africa.

* * *

In spite of the fact that she has just created a record by playing Katharine in "The Taming of the Shrew" for just upon 150 nights, Miss Lily Brayton is looking forward to her appearance as Ophelia to-morrow with positive terror. As says herself, she is a "nervy" person. But on the stage she shows no signs of nervousness. In fact, she always appears most self-possessed. But that does not prevent her going deadly cold and feeling as though she would never be able to articulate a single syllable.

* * *

That she has played Ophelia before will not make it much better for her. The first time she played the part was in Newcastle when she was with Mr. Benson's company. It was probably one of the most trying occasions of her life, but it was none the less one of the most successful. She had under-studied Mrs. Benson in the part, and was suddenly called upon to play it. Naturally she was nervous, but to add to it she heard that Miss Ellen Terry was "in front." She went on the stage in abject terror, but terror or no terror she played so well that Mr. Benson at once gave her a three years' engagement. Her nervousness may be very unpleasant for her, but she hides it completely.

* * *

It looks as if Strauss's music is to be extremely popular in London. The presence of the composer at Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, when he conducted the second performance of his "Domestic Symphony," drew a large crowd to the hall, and at the conclusion of the work he was honoured with cheers and many recalls. The audience laughed heartily when the composer ran off the platform and returned literally dragging along Mr. Henry J. Wood, who was vigorously struggling against being made to "come in." There was much hand-shaking between the two musicians, and the orchestra was not forgotten in the general congratulations. A fresh hearing of the work seems to deepen the general impression that, in spite of one or two defects, it is a symphony of much power and beauty.

* * *

Mr. Andrew Lang may be "the most nervous man in England," as he assures us in the "Occult Review," on the authority of his dentist, but he is none the less not afraid of the supernatural. After telling some creepy stories of how a family encountered a ghostly visitor in the form of a charming young woman, and how one of them drew a picture of what she saw, he says that he would not mind how soon or how often he met "that charming phantom with the large, dark eyes." But Mr. Lang is not always so serious as people imagine. When he says unkind things about "modern journalism," and writes histories of Scotland, he is all that is pedantic and magnificient.

* * *

But he can be otherwise. I remember once how a would-be poet sent him some verses for his criticism. The criticism was simplicity itself. He had merely written, "My dear sir, my dear sir, Yours truly, Andrew Lang." Once, too, when someone asked him to direct him to the house he resided in he replied, with his customary look of languid sorrow for nine-tenths of the human race, "Go up Cromwell-road till you drop and then turn to the right." On another occasion a dinner was given in his honour at the Cheshire Cheese, which is always associated with Dr. Johnson. Mr. Lang was somewhat bored, and when an enthusiastic American exclaimed in a voice of rapture, "And this was one of the haunts of Dr. Johnson," he drawled out, "And who was Dr. Johnson?"

* * *

IN MY GARDEN.

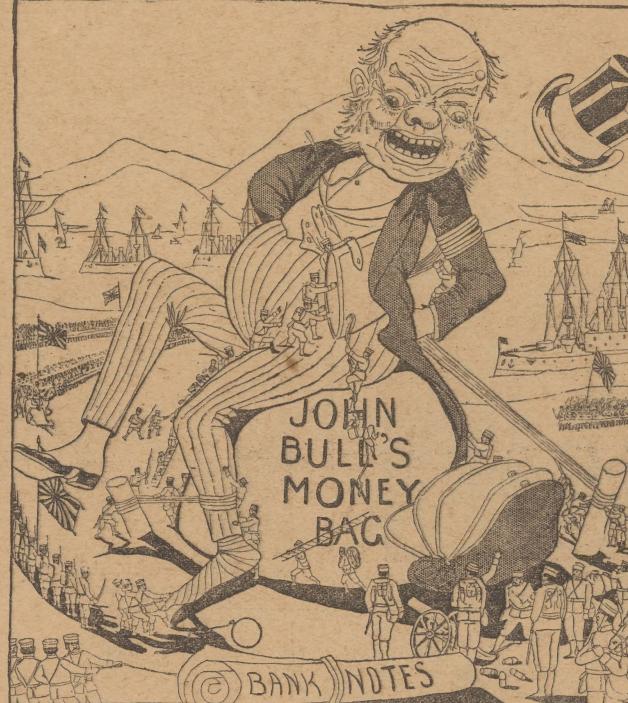
April 2.—April, one of the sweetest months of the year, comes to find the garden by no means a barren waste. Indeed, March foretold several of April's most treasured gifts.

On sunny days the bees gaily hymn among the crocuses. Yet the beauty of these early flowers is fast passing away. Their bright appearance can be prolonged for a little by picking off the dead blossoms.

Quickly the hyacinths are opening. The hardy auriculas are also beginning to put forth their many-hued flowers. As they are almost as easy to grow as the popular polyanthus, they might with advantage be oftener seen in gardens.

E. F. T.

RUSSIA RESENTS THE SUCCESS OF JAPAN'S LOAN.



This is a cartoon widely circulated in Russia, representing the Japanese pillaging John Bull's purse and money-bags. The Russians like to think that they are not the only sufferers by the war!

A WOMAN OF THE HOUR.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts.

AGE seems to make no difference to her. She will soon be ninety-two, but she is as energetic as ever in the cause of charity. Just now she is hard at work organising a concert at Stamford House, the Duchess of Sutherland's palatial home, in aid of the Oxygen Hospital.

She is doing everything herself. She has arranged with the artists, she has sent out the notices of the concert, and she is selling the tickets herself at her house, No. 1, Stratton-street, W. She is also president of the hospital itself, among her multifarious activities.

Really she is a wonderful old lady, and her record as a philanthropist is unequalled. For seventy years she has devoted herself to distributing her great wealth in charity. How much of the £1,800,000 which she inherited she has disposed of it would be hard to say, for she does not advertise her benefactions.

It was for her good deeds that she was created a baroness in her own right over thirty years ago. She is wonderfully well and strong in spite of her age and her work. She is still almost as straight as ever, and the delicate look of her slight figure is very deceptive.

What strikes one first about her face is the kindness of it, the sympathy of her eyes, the gentleness but resolution of the mouth.

It was King Edward who said of her: "After my mother she is the most remarkable woman in England."

But if you want to see what sort of a woman she is go and buy a guinea, or a two-guinea, or even a half-guinea, ticket for her concert on April 11, and see for yourself.

WHEELS OF EMPIRE.—II.

The People of the Pit.

THESE are the men who daily descend into the blackness and the murk of the mines, and there worry like steel-fanged wolves at the sombre cliffs of coal, so that the Empire Machine shall not lack fuel.

And though the toil and embittered great Mother Earth tests them continually with dangerous snares, like an anguished and desperate woman; though she conceives in her fluid heart cruel ambitions that she may be revenged upon them; though she hems them in with creeping treacheries, the People of the Pit do not cease from their labours.

There comes, snarling like a great-fanged beast, the Menace of Water, sweeping through the dark underways, yearning to seize upon the People of the Pit. But they iron and chain the waters and turn again to their work.

There comes, casting its bitter javelins at them, the Menace of Fire, roaring hungrily down the long tunnelling, and reaching out to embrace them. But this devourer also do they tame, and continue their toil unafraid.

There comes, crawling along the floors, a slow and perilous thing, unseen, unheard, unheralded. It is the Menace of Poisonous Gas; a vapour, deliberate and deadly—the breath of the Angel of Death. And it waits upon the floors of the mines.

But the People of the Pit seek it and confront it and dispel it, and once more they take up their task.

The great Mother Earth bides her time. She is their everlasting enemy. But meanwhile the People of the Pit see to it that the Empire Machine is fed with coal.

BERTRAM ATKLEY.

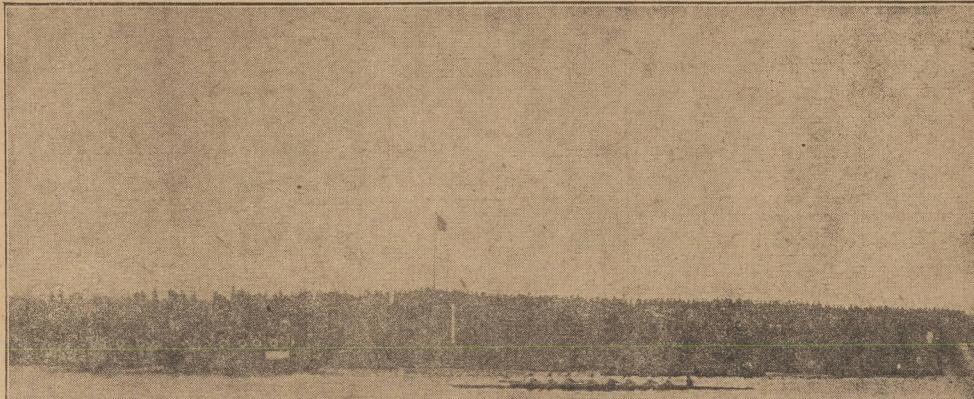
NEWS / PHOTOGRAPHS.

SOLDIER AS NURSE.

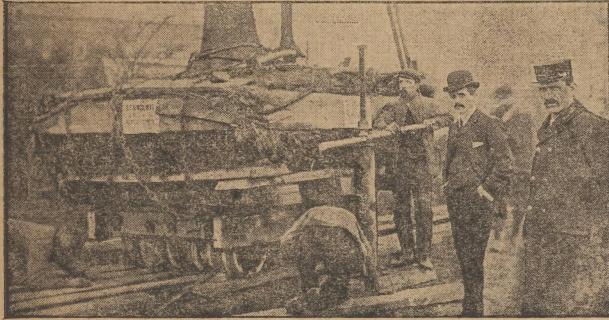


Private Perloff has just arrived in St. Petersburg from the Far East with the infant son of his lieutenant, born during the war.

THE FINISH OF THE OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOATRACE

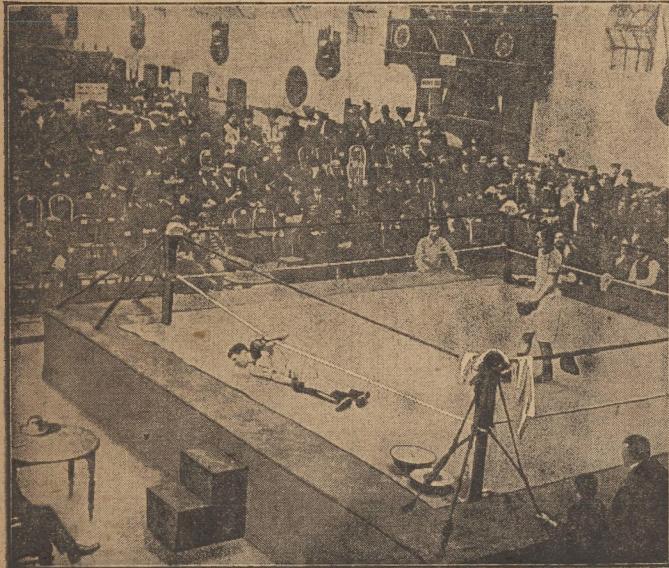


TRANSPLANTING TREES AT MANCHESTER.



Owing to the improvements being made at Whitworth Park, Manchester, it has been found necessary to transplant some trees of considerable size.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS' BOXING COMPETITION.



Some very fast boxing was seen during the Public Schools' Competition, which was held at Aldershot. Our photograph shows the effect of a knock-down blow.



Not one of the Oxford crew seemed particularly distressed when, after leading all through the race, they paddled past the winning-post three lengths ahead of their rivals.

ENGLAND v. SCOTLAND IN THE INTERNATIONAL

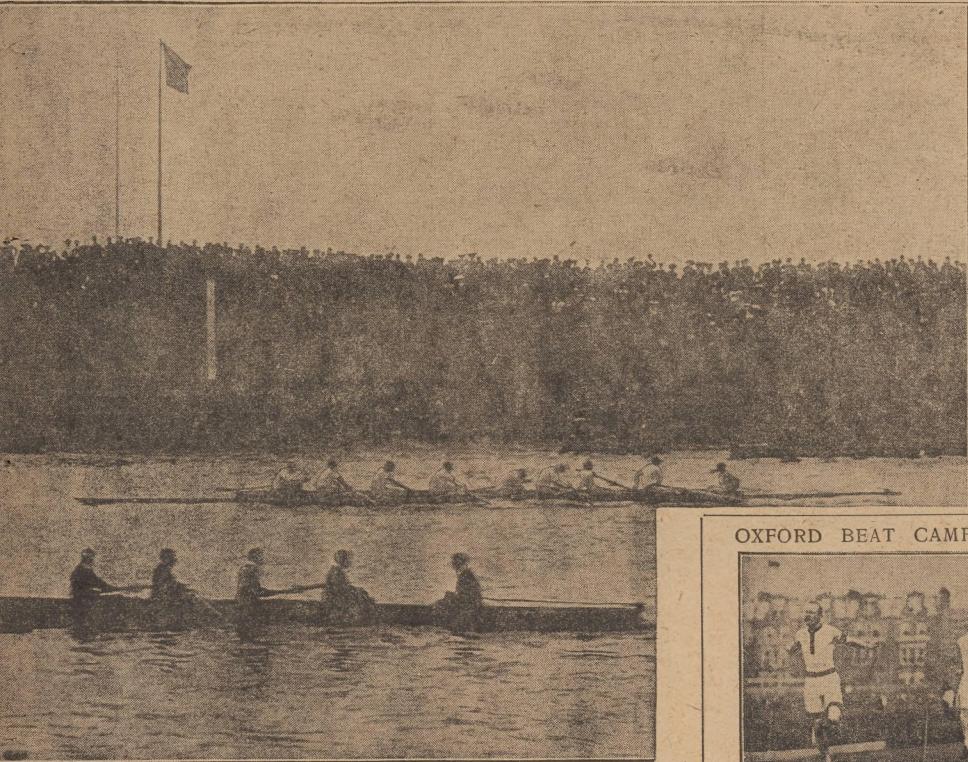


Ruddlesdin, the English right half-back, clearing from an attack made by Scotland.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF THESE

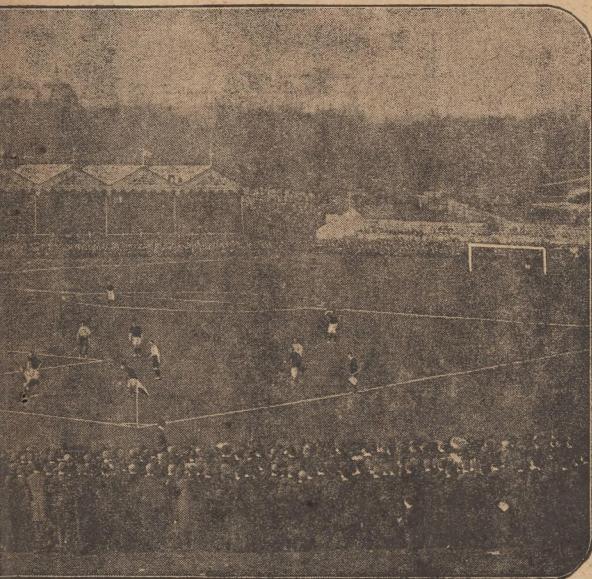
MIRROR CAMERAGRAPHs.

HOW THE RIVAL CREWS ARRIVED AT THE WINNING POST.



The Cambridge men, who had made desperate attempts to catch the leaders, were sorely dis- tressed at the finish.

ASSOCIATION MATCH AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



ds, Somers and Wilson, on the left wing. England won the match by one goal

SENT TO SIBERIA.



Accused of harbouring a revolutionary printing office under her millinery shop, Mme. Ratner has been condemned by the Russian Judges to be banished to Siberia.

OXFORD BEAT CAMBRIDGE IN THE HUNDRED YARDS.



The end of the hundred yards race at the Oxford v. Cambridge sports, J. H. Morrell, Oxford, winning by half a yard.

GENERAL BOOTH'S TOUR IN THE HOLY LAND.



The Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army visiting a house in Bethlehem during his recent tour through the Holy Land.

AN ANGEL'S STORY.

One of the Most Beautiful Tales

Written by Hans Andersen, Born
100 Years Ago Yesterday.

It was not easy to find one of Hans Andersen's famous tales short enough for us to publish. "The Flower Pot," however, is just the right length, and also one of the most touching of them all.

"Every time a good child dies, one of God's angels comes down to earth and takes the dead child in his arms, then spreads his large white wings, and flies over all the spots which the child best loved, and plucks a whole handful of flowers, which he carries up to the Almighty that they may bloom in still greater loveliness in heaven than they did upon earth."

"And the Almighty presses all such flowers upon His heart, but He gives a kiss to the one He prefers, and then that flower becomes endowed with voice, and can join in the choir of the blessed."

These words were spoken by one of God's angels as he carried up a little child to heaven, and the child heard him as in a dream. And they passed over the spots in his home where the little one had played, and they passed through gardens filled with beautiful flowers.

"Which shall we take with us and transplant into the Kingdom of Heaven?" asked the angel.

There stood a slender, lovely rosebush, only some wicked hand had broken the stem, so that all its sprigs, loaded with half-open buds, were withering around.

ROSES FOR HEAVEN.

"Poor rosebush!" said the child; "let's take it in order that it may be able to bloom above, in God's kingdom."

And the angel took it, and kissed the child for its kind intention, and the little one half opened its eyes. They plucked some of the gay, ornamental flowers, but took likewise the despised buttercups and wild pansy.

"Now we have plenty of flowers!" said the child, and the angel nodded assent; but he did not yet fly upwards to God. It was night, and all was quiet. They remained in the large town, and hovered over one of the narrow streets, where lay heaps of straw, ashes, and sweepings; for it was quarter-day and there had been several fires. There lay fragments of plates, pieces of plaster of Paris, and bits of hats, and all sorts of things that had become shabby.

And amidst this confused heap the angel pointed to the broken fragments of a flower-pot, and to a lump of mould that had fallen out of it, and was kept together by the roots of a large withered field-flower, which, being worthless, had been flung into the street.

"We will take it with us," said the angel, "and I will tell you why as we fly along."

And as they flew, the angel related as follows:—

"In that narrow street a poor sickly boy lived in a lonely cellar. He had been bed-ridden from his childhood. In his best days he could just walk on crutches up and down the room a couple of times, but that was all."

"During some days in summer the sun shone just for about half an hour on the floor of the cellar; and then the poor boy sat and warmed himself in its beams. When he saw the red light through his delicate fingers held before his face, then he considered he had been out that day."

"All he knew of the forest and its beautiful spring verdure was from the first sprig of beech that his neighbour's son used to bring him. He would hold it over his head and dream that he was under the beech trees, amid the sunshine and the call of birds. One spring day the neighbour's son brought him some flowers besides, and among these there happened to be one that still retained its root. This he carefully planted in a flower-pot and placed in the window near his bed."

"The flower was planted by a lucky hand. It thrived and put forth new shoots, and blossomed every year. It became the rarest flower-garden for the sick boy, and his only little treasure here on earth. He watered it and cherished it, and took care it should profit by every sunbeam."

"The flower became interwoven into his very dreams. For him it bloomed; for him it spread its fragrance; it was to it he turned in the last gasp of death when the Lord called him."

THE FLOWER THAT WAS THROWN AWAY.

"He has now been a year with his Heavenly Father. All that year did the flower stand forgotten in the window till it withered. It was therefore cast out amongst the sweepings in the street on the day of moving. And this is the flower, the poor, faded flower, which we have added to our nosegay, because this flower gave more joy than the rarest flower in the garden of a queen."

"And how do you know all this?" asked the child, as the angel carried him up to Heaven.

"I know it," said the angel, "because I myself was the little sick boy who walked upon crutches, and I know my own flower."

Then the child opened his eyes completely, and looked out at the angel's extremely beautiful countenance; and at the next moment they reached the kingdom of heaven, where all was joy and blessedness. And God pressed the flowers to his heart, but kissed the poor withered field-flower, which became endowed with a voice and joined in the chorus of angels.

And they all sang, great and little, the good, blessed child, and the poor field-flower that lay withered and cast away amongst the sweepings, under the rubbish of "moving day," in that narrow, dingy street.

WHAT OUR STATESMEN EARN.

It is certainly to the credit of Britain that so many of her most brilliant sons should devote themselves to the service of Parliament for the material rewards cannot be held to be great.

A writer in "Chamber's Journal" calculates that during about thirty years of Mr. Gladstone only drew in salary some £140,000, and though this sounds a large sum in itself, the expenses of constituency elections, etc., must have reduced it by a very large proportion.

Lord Beaconsfield for ten or eleven years of office only received about £50,000, and Lord Salisbury, who held office for about twenty-one years, can only have drawn a little over £100,000.

The law officers of the Crown are the best paid. Last year the Attorney-General received in salary and fees a sum of £19,921, and the Solicitor-General was not far behind with £13,068. The Lord Chancellor's salary is £10,000.

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And as they flew, the angel related as follows:—

"In that narrow street a poor sickly boy lived in a lonely cellar. He had been bed-ridden from his childhood. In his best days he could just walk on crutches up and down the room a couple of times, but that was all."

steps with infinite precaution, for he was not overfond of the perilous descent.

"Look at old Grant clambering down like a crab," laughed Jack. He was not sorry to see his friend, for he and Kitty had been sitting in solemn silence for the last quarter of an hour. It was not like Kitty to be dreamy and silent, for she was a chatterbox by nature, but the girl appeared strangely reflective to-day, and Jack also had plenty to occupy his mind.

He had been thinking, as they sat side by side on the beach, of the conversation in the garden and what Kitty had said about the conditions of their engagement, and he realised with some inward anxiety the truth of the girl's words—for Jack had known for some time that, fond and devoted as he was, he was not actually in love with Kitty, not at least in the blind way of lovers; but he wondered why a suspicion of the truth had suddenly dawned upon Kitty. Was it possible that she had just discovered that she, too, did not love him, except as a comrade and a brother?

It might well be so, he reflected, and yet for the life of him he did not see what was to be done. It would break his father's and his uncle's hearts, to say nothing of Aunt Maria's, if the proposed match went through, and Kitty failed to come off well at the last moment. She cannot drink the fatal draught, while he drops, apparently lifeless, at her feet.

She flies in panic into the streets, and is run over by a carriage, and is carried to hospital, where she is being nursed by Mrs. Chession, and for a long time she is ill. When she recovers Mrs. Chession finds that she can sing, and that she is peculiarly suited to the principal part in "The Puritan Girl," a musical comedy which Mr. Chession is producing.

Montague Stone, an artist who had befriended the Lidliards, revives Robert so that he does not die, and Montague Stone is now in sight. After all, Lidliard has won the medal, and fame is assured.

Publicity reveals his whereabouts to an enemy, a fellow-artist, Julian Darrell, whom he robbed in Paris many years ago. Darrell, who has both a family picture, and threatens revenge. Later he calls on Mrs. Chession, and in Cecilia's hearing says that Robert Lidliard committed suicide in the Thames, and that Montague Stone had identified a body as that of the new artist. Cecilia regards herself as free to begin a new life.

She makes her debut at Plymouth, and creates a success. She greatly impresses a young man, Jack Hallows, son of Admiral John Hallows, who is in a box at the theatre.

Jack and Kitty started up and glanced up hastily behind them to observe Grant Malcolm slowly descending the cliff staircase, taking his

steps with infinite precaution, for he was not overfond of the perilous descent.

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THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE."

Your article upon Christian Science appears to me to be a fair and just one, and, as you say, "no doubt Christian Science has made many people happy, and even improved their health."

But how many homes has it wrecked by setting wife against husband or husband against wife? How many men, like myself, beat it quietly for home's sake, knowing that it is no use to reason when Christian Science possesses a woman?

CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

"PROMOTION BY MERIT."

Does "Would-be Soldier" know that there are plenty of decent middle-class men in every regiment, and that probably rising from the ranks will be made easier?

The battalions he speaks of when raised would be very unpopular with other regiments.

Brookdale-road, Catford. HAROLD PALMER.

POSTMEN'S UNIFORM.

I think myself that postmen are a smart set of men because most of them have served their time in the Army.

The reason why their clothes get dusty is because they carry the mail-bags on their shoulders.

Anyone in the Post Office service who is slovenly and dirty would soon be dismissed.

P. O. OFFICIAL.

THAMES STEAMBOATS.

I was glad to see your remarks with reference to the new County Council steamboats.

After all the agitation for and against a steamboat service, some two or three years ago, the result seems to be that, instead of smart, up-to-date screw launches, after the style of the Surrey Belle, plying up river, or those on the Seine, we are simply to have a copy of the old paddle-wheel monstrosities, which have long since been condemned by everyone.

How does the Council expect this service to pay unless the public are to be attracted by something in the way of really comfortable and swift boats, suitable for all weathers?

HERBERT C. HARPOUR.

Abbotstone-road, Putney.

ARMY RATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I think it would be much more sportsmanlike if "Trooper in Bruce Hamilton's Division" and "Sergeant-Major, Imperial Light Horse" were to remember that they were not out for a picnic whilst in South Africa, to forget the little inconveniences that we all had to put up with regarding our rations, and to consider instead that they had the honour of fighting for their country against a common foe.

LATE CORPORAL, HAMPSHIRE I.Y., S. AFRICA. Bournemouth.

May I, as a Volunteer who served for fifteen months with a body of Yeomanry in South Africa, say that, although the country may have been swindled out of jam, it was a good thing that the soldiers did not get more of it? Such horrid stuff as jam supplied to the troops in South Africa I have never seen before.

Mention apricot jam to a Yeoman and I guarantee you will see him shudder.

A YEMAN. (9th Co. Montgomeryshire I.Y.)

and afternoon, and furiously annoyed with himself for thinking of the beautiful actress, and then, at last, he committed the unpardonable indiscretion of talking about her to Kitty, letting her realise what an impression Cecilia Melvyn had made upon him, and confessing in a blushing fashion that the heroine of "The Puritan Girl" was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life.

"I wonder what Grant has come about?" said Kitty. She took up a handful of seashells and began to crush them with slow mechanical precision, biting her lips the while. She saw—she could not help seeing—that Jack was glad of the diversion caused by the other man's arrival, and she felt bitterly hurt and mortified. All her pride sprang to arms; also a passionate desire that Jack should not discover how much his conduct was paining her.

"Why don't you climb up and meet Grant half way," she suggested, "and then go and have a cigarette together in the garden? I don't want him coming here and bothering me to talk. I have a headache"—she lied the woman's lie easily—"and I'd like to sit here alone."

"I knew you had a headache," announced Jack rather thankfully. He was honestly pleased at discovering why Kitty had been so silent, and with a perceptibly lightened conscience he hurried up to join his friend.

"Climb back, Grant," he shouted. "Make your way to the garden again. We'll have a chat there."

A slight, but very sad smile crossed Kitty Melvyn's face; then she gazed steadily out to sea.

"I wonder if Jack would be so ready to leave Cecilia Melvyn?" she asked herself bitterly. "How very lonely she would be if account of her is correct. I wish I was lovely!" For she think more of beauty than anything else in the world—it's the greatest weapon that a woman can have."

Kitty clasped her arms round her knees, her chequered face growing pale and pensive. "I wonder what Jack would say," she mused, "if he knew how much I love him—if he realised that I have adored him ever since we were children together, and that I would give up life itself to spare him

AN INTERESTING CASE.

AT ST. JOHN'S WOOD, N.W.

HOW A VIOLENT COUGH & CHRONIC BRONCHITIS WAS CURED.

MISS LUCY M. ROBERTS, 29, Alma-square, St. John's Wood, N.W., writes:—March 6th, 1905.—I feel sure that you will be pleased to know that I am now recovered, and my chest feels better than it has done for years. The cough has gone entirely, and I am feeling well in myself. I have been taking your Veno's Lightning Cough Cure regularly since December 3rd. I can truly say that I have never found a treatment like it.

In another letter dated March 16th she writes:—The whole of your treatment is so splendid I ought to be well known; it has entirely cured me of chronic bronchitis, and I am now strong and much expectoration, to which I had been subject for years.

Veno's Lightning Cough Cure is recommended by ministers, doctors, and scientists. It is used by hundreds of thousands of British people. Its equal success in America, Australia, and New Zealand, and on the emulsions for chronic coughs, bronchitis, colds, asthma, weak lungs, catarrh, pleurisy, and children's coughs. Large Trial Bottles 9d.; regular sizes 1/2d. and 2s., at all Chemists.

DIGNITY SUITS.

In our competent hands, the splendid cloths we use result in suits that give dignity to the wearer. The advantage of a first-class tailor gives you over the common-place tailor. Our men are adepts in the tailoring art. They make tailoring that possesses not only distinction, but will FIT PROPERLY and wear longer than the cheap quality suits. You'll like the smooth finish of these lounge suits for Easter. Write for free patterns and prices of styles. For cash down we allow a discount of 2/- in the £, or you can buy on our Easy Credit Plan. We pay carriage. Say whether you want DARK or LIGHT cloth patterns when you write.

34/-
EASY TERMS.



CHEAP BOOTS—MEN'S.

There are cheap boots made to sell only. These are made to measure, and a good fit. The material is good, and the methods of making are right. They are nicely shaped, kid legs, neat toe caps, medium or broad toes, leather lined, and cost only 10/- Easy Terms. Ask for Boot Self-measurement Form when you write.

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(Dept. W., 64-67, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.)

What is LI-NOLA?



In divers places CATESBY'S CORK LINO is suitable. It is good for the hall because it is a beautiful material, and never be dirty, because so easily cleaned. In the bed room it is the best possible floor covering, because it harbours no dust, and thus keeps the room healthy and clean.

CATESBYS' CORK LINO.

Samples and Booklet free; and you can have a copy of our new book, "LI-NOLA," for 2s. in 2 discount for cash. 3 yds. by 3 yds. of CATESBYS' CORK LINO for 15s. 9d. Other sizes and prices in proportion. Carriage paid.

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(Dept. W.), 64-67, Tottenham Court Road, LONDON, W.

See our windows for LI-NOLA.

ACTRESS'S LAMENT.

Miss Gertrude Kingston Wishes the British Public Would Grow Up.

Miss Gertrude Kingston has a very interesting article in the "Nineteenth Century" this month on "The Public as Seen from the Stage."

Miss Kingston is not only a clever actress. She is also an accomplished writer, a woman who has thought and read and worked in many directions other than the stage.

Her opinion of British audiences is not a high one. She says what all intelligent people say, that the British public for the theatre consists of children, not of grown-up people. That is why we have nothing worth calling a British drama.

Here are some striking and amusing sentences from Miss Kingston's indictment:—

BACKWARD THEATREGOERS.

"The reading public is fifty years in advance of the theatre-going public in its criterion of taste and culture."

"In England the public will not take the stage seriously. The Englishman goes to the theatre to be amused—not to learn, not to observe, not to be interested, but to be amused."

"The English have the money to pay for their seats, the clothes to go in, the cabs to drive home in, but not the taste—the theatrical sense—to bring to the appreciation of the drama."

"Some years ago a distinguished dramatist is reported to have said that he did not want actors and actresses to interpret his plays, he wanted puppets that could be taught. In those days, I believe, he meant living puppets. Nowadays he has come to the conclusion that toy puppets are good enough for the British public."

"When you get a young dramatic author he writes quite sentimentally to the actors and actresses in his appreciation of their services. At his second and third success he has already discovered how infinitesimal are their efforts compared with his creative power. Later, he complains there are no actors and actresses."

GALLERY MORE SENSE THAN STALLS.

"The man who has ten-and-sixpence for his stall is only the same British Lion (with his mane combed and parted) as the working man who pays his twopennyence and gets a metal pass or 'tally' to the gallery. Of the two—I should claim the greater originality for the latter."

"A well-known French actress said to me last year: 'I do not understand your English public. I go to the theatre and see only plays fit for children, not grown-up people. But what are your men and women made of? Have they no emotions, no passions? Do they feel nothing of hate or love, of fear or tenderness, of jealousy or rage?' 'Madam,' I said, 'we are a prudish nation. We do not care to look on at naked passions in the presence of strangers; we do not countenance a moral undressing in public.' 'But,' she said, 'you

come and see our French plays?' 'That,' I answered, 'is a very different matter. We always hope the man in the next seat does not understand the language.'

"I work continually in conjunction with religious bodies of various denominations, and though there is a great friendship with some of my fellow-workers, many of them do not dare to go to a theatre to see stage-plays for fear of giving offence to their association or order. It would seem that dreariness of outline is the only respectable expression of religion in England, just in the same way that an Englishman must wear a top-hat to attend public worship. Who has not heard it said: 'I can't go to church to-day; I have not brought my top-hat'?"

MR. H. N. PILLSBURY,



The famous American chess champion, who, while temporarily insane, tried to jump from a fourth-floor window. (Russell.)

WOS SPRACH IS DEES?

Mr. G. R. Sims has drawn up a "First Yiddish Conversation Course" for policemen in the East End of London. Here are some extracts from it as appeared in yesterday's "Reference":—

ENGLISH.

Move on.

Get away out of that.

Higher up with that barrow! Hello! What have you got there?

This half-crown's not a good one.

These bank-notes are fakes.

You are keeping a gambling house.

You are setting your shop on fire.

I shall run you in.

Yiddish.

Macht, lees. (Make feet—i.e. stretch.)
Trotig sich avéck fun do! (Carry yourself away from there.)
Nemmt den barri' weiter araff!

Hert hor! Weist wgs ihr hor do? (H! Show what you've got.)
Die habe cirbin is nisch kein güte.
Die banknoten sennen fälsch.
Ihr holt off a gambling haus.
Ihr macht a scrlé in cir shor.
Ich vey dir ob-locken (i.e. lock you up).

POINTS FOR PLAYGOERS.

This Week's Entertainments, and Productions of the Near Future.

To-day the box-office opens for Sir Henry Irving's Drury Lane season, beginning with "Becket," on April 29.

Mr. Tréé will run "A Man's Shaw" until April 15, and then close for rehearsals of his Shakespeare festival programme.

John Chilcole, M.P., at the St. James's, may be expected in Easter week. Present successful programme will continue until April 15.

Mrs. Lewis Waller at the Fulham Grand; "The Earl and the Girl" at the Camden; and "The Gay Parisienne" at the Crown, Peckham.

Miss Minnie Palmer as "My Sweetheart." It makes one feel a boy again! Memories of boyhood can be renewed at the Kennington Theatre all this week.

Mr. Barrie is more mysterious than ever about his new play, due at the Duke of York's on Wednesday. It is a wonder he allows anyone to see even the first performance.

"Princess Ida" at the Coronet on Thursday and Friday evenings. It has not been heard in London since 1884. Other Gilbert and Sullivan operettas during the rest of the week.

"Monsieur Beaucaire" is going so well at the Imperial that it might run through the season. But Mr. Waller still means to produce "Romeo and Juliet" before April is out.

Miss Edith Wynne-Matthison made her name in "Everyman," and will repeat her beautiful performance at the Shaftesbury in Holy Week. "Othello," to be seen there next Saturday evening, under Miss Tita Brand's management, will be suspended for that time.

The programme at the Coliseum still includes Miss Madge Lessing and Miss Winifred Hare in their successful song-scenes; and is shortly to present also Mr. Rutland Barrington; Miss Queenie Leighes, in a "nautical scene," with herself as a naval lieutenant; Miss Topsy-Sinden, and Miss Mabel Love.

Jumbo Junior, at the Royal Italian Circus, has taken a dislike to Mr. Gilley, the manager, who had to ask audiences not to feed him during the performance. The other day the tiny elephant, who is becoming quite a clever animal, charged him as he entered the ring to make this request, and he always cuts the manager dead as they pass by.

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

A SELF-MADE MAN'S WIFE: Her Letters to Her Son, by Charles Institute of France. (Pitman's.) The wife proves a most amiable and lovable lady, who gives most excellent advice in a most entertaining form.

DREAMS, by Olive Schreiner. Unwin's. This chilling series which Messrs. Unwin are publishing is one of the most extraordinary of cheap publications. They have the title of "The Book of the Month" in cheap books—and the volume looks cheap at 2s. 6d.

SOUVENIR BAPTISMAL SERVICE. Eyre and Spottiswoode. Published in a variety of binding from 1s. 6d. in cloth to 2s. 6d. in white leather, with silver sides and gold. They are only £1. 1s. 6d. and intended as souvenirs of baptisms. Very pretty little books.

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 10.)

"an hour of suffering?" Tears shone in the girl's clear brown eyes, hot tears—tears which blistered her cheeks. "But he must never know—never, never," she went on fiercely. "Oh, this love is the curse of women, for they must keep it to themselves—they must hide it away in their hearts 'till the man chooses to ask for it. Oh, Jack, Jack?" Kitty murmured her lover's name in low, passionate tones—"how little you guess the truth, for I have got clever at hiding a sigh with a smile, a sob with a laugh."

The sunset coloured the sea with a flush of crimson, and a gull flew by on white wings.

"It's a beautiful world," sighed little Kitty, "or it would be if arrow didn't trip after one, trip after those who are always trying to overtake joy."

While Kitty Hallowes abandoned herself to her reflections, Jack and his friend were having a bright and animated conversation together.

The two young men had found a shady seat in the narrow, deserted garden, for the old admirals and Miss Maria had gone back into the house for tea.

Grant had come round to tell his friend of a most interesting conversation with Cecilia Melvyn the night before. He had been wonderfully impressed by her medieval face, and had even gone so far as to suggest to her that she should play the part of Francesca in his opera, a suggestion which she had received with a great deal of pleasure, and timid delight.

"And what an ideal Francesca," observed Grant enthusiastically. "With those pure sad, dreamy eyes, pale delicate face, and that wonderful soft hair. Her voice, too—did you notice certain sad inflections in her voice, and the peculiar richness of the lower notes? Why, if I had searched all over the world I could never have found a more ideal heroine. And to come upon her in a little out-of-the-way place like Plymouth, to secure her, as I intend to, before the musical world realises

that a new star has arisen—why, it's an immense stroke of luck."

Grant poured the words out with a great deal of animation. He was generally a cool, unemotional sort of man, and his excitement was all the more noticeable.

" Didn't you think her perfectly beautiful?" he asked at last, turning to his friend.

"Yes, I did," answered Jack slowly. "I thought Cecilia Melvyn the most beautiful woman I had ever seen in my life." He hardly realised what the words meant till he had said them, and once spoken it was too late to recall them.

"I thought you would say that," observed Grant approvingly. He was too absorbed in his artistic appreciation of Cecilia to realise the personal interest of the sailor in her, or he would never have suggested, as he did a moment or two later, that Jack Hallowes should accompany him to the Grand Theatre that evening and have the privilege of an introduction to Cecilia. For he had arranged this after her performance.

"I have come round to ask you to dine with me, old chap," the composer explained, "and then to go straight on with me to the theatre. I should like to know what you think of Cecilia Melvyn when you meet her face to face, and if she will impress you as favourably off the stage as she does on."

Jack Hallowes hesitated. The temptation to accept the other's offer, and so avail himself of the privilege thrown away the night before, was almost irresistible; yet an instinctive feeling of loyalty towards Kitty made him shake his head doubtfully.

"I think not, old man," he said quietly. "You see, they rather expect me to dine here this evening, and I don't know—" he wavered and hesitated.

Grant slashed with his stick at a sturdy tuft of sweet-william.

"I really think you might come, Jack," he observed irritably. "It means a tremendous deal to me, this choice of a heroine for my opera, and I have a great respect for your judgment. You're young, healthy-minded, quite untainted with the

modern curse of criticism. In fact, you represent that part of the British public which desires bright and clean amusement."

Grant's lengthy speech was quite lost upon the young sailor, for Jack was arguing out things to himself. Surely there would be no great harm, he reflected, in allowing himself the pleasure of meeting Cecilia Melvyn. It was not likely that fate would ever bring them across each other again. Besides, what would happen even if fate did so? He was engaged to be married to Kitty. On the morrow he would set about forgetting Cecilia Melvyn; but to-night he would seize the opportunity chance had offered. He would gaze into Cecilia's sad blue eyes; he would listen to the music of her voice; he would hold her delicate fingers in his own for a second, and then—Why then the whole episode would be over-ended. He and Cecilia Melvyn would pass each other as ships pass in the night, she steering her course, he steering his.

Jack Hallowes turned to his friend with some decision.

"I will come with you to-night, Grant," he said quietly. "We will go to the theatre together. You can't really mind my sudden desertion; I can always hear you when you speak."

"Of course you can," replied Grant quickly. "What possible difference can it make in the long run if I dine here to-night or to-morrow?"

Jack Hallowes made no answer, but his brow knit into an uneasy frown.

CHAPTER XII.

The express shot its quick way through the heart of the country, plunging and forging ahead, bellowing forth smoke.

Montague Stone leaned back in the corner of a first-class carriage, and began to think of removing the box from the luggage rack, for he realised he would soon be at his journey's end. Another five minutes or so and the train would dash into Plymouth station, and then—after the interval of a

(Continued on page 13.)

AN ESTABLISHED SUCCESS.

Antipon Acknowledged To Be the Standard Remedy for the Permanent Cure of Obesity.

It is not very many months ago since the "Sheffield Independent," at the time when Antipon was just becoming known to the public as one of the great remedies of the age, proclaimed it as "a preparation which bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned." These memorable words did not express more nor less than the actual truth, for it was soon everywhere apparent that Antipon was to become, as it has become, the recognised standard remedy for the permanent cure of obesity. The Press throughout the kingdom was enthusiastic in its praise, and the many articles which have appeared in the leading organs of opinion, and which have been so widely quoted, testify to the high esteem in which Antipon is held. The most competent authorities welcomed it as an epoch-making medicine, and hundreds of men and women amongst the thousands who found in Antipon lasting relief from the distressing burden of over-fat wrote to the "Antipon" Company gratefully acknowledging the lasting benefit they had derived from the wonderful specific. All these letters, as well as those which reach the Company daily, are most carefully preserved for inspection at their offices.

In the history of medicine nothing has ever proved more successful as a specific remedy for any one complaint. Antipon, in fact, owes its success to its being a most valuable tonic as well as a permanent cure for corpulence. It has nothing in common with the old-time remedies which relied upon dangerous mineral drugs and excessive purgation in combination with dietary schemes that amounted to positive slow starvation. Antipon needs no such pernicious help: it is one and only assistant is good, nourishing food, for which it creates a keen appetite. Meanwhile, the superfluous fat is being gradually and permanently absorbed and thrown out of the system. Not only this, but the dreadful tendency to make fat of everything eaten is effectually destroyed, so that once the subject is reduced by Antipon to normal weight and proportions there is no need for further doses—the cure is guaranteed a lasting one. Antipon, as we have said, increases appetite. It also perfects the digestive process—a great boon, as so many stout people are sufferers from dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, etc. The sound, muscle-making, blood-enriching food which is taken and properly digested and assimilated can but have the most beneficial effect upon health and strength. The fat disappears, muscular development returns. In the condition of excessive obesity the muscles become almost sodden with over-fat. When this superabundant fatty matter is eliminated, and the blood enriched and purified, the limbs become firm and shapely again, the muscles solid and strong. It is impossible to exaggerate the value of the strengthening, reviving effects of Antipon on the distended system.

Antipon is surprisingly rapid in its weight-reducing effects, for within a day and a night of the first dose there is an appreciable decrease. This varies between 8oz. to 3lb., according to individual conditions. Then, day by day, the scales will prove continuance in a sure and steady reduction, which goes on until complete and lasting cure—that is, the attainment of normal weight and correct and symmetrical proportions.

This standard remedy is the more valuable for its entire harmlessness. It contains no but vegetable ingredients of a beneficial kind—nothing of mineral origin. It is pleasant to the palate, refreshing at all times. It is not a laxative, nor has it the opposite effect. Antipon is just simply a pleasant and simple liquid tonic fat-reducer, which causes no intestinal or stomachic trouble, and which constitutes an admirable home treatment which can be followed without any friend or acquaintance being aware of the fact.

In conclusion, Antipon's effects are not merely to reduce abdominal girth. The reduction is apparent wherever there was an excess of fat before—in face and figure alike. The rosacea hue of health upon the cheek, and the pure skin free from wrinkles, will sufficiently indicate the return to complete health experienced by all who follow this simple, pleasant, easy, and always reliable course of treatment.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. by chemists, stores, etc.; or, in the event of disappointment may be obtained (on sending remittance), post paid, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturers, The "Antipon" Company, 13, Buckingham-street, Strand, London, W.C.

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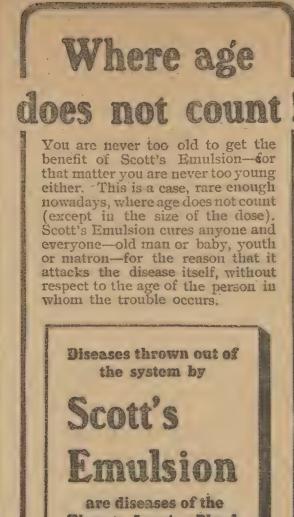
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BRIDE IN THE KITCHEN.

RECIPES FOR CAKES OF VARIOUS KINDS.

Have I mentioned our liking for cakes of every description? I think not. At one time the bill at the confectioner's for scones, teacakes, and gateaux of every description was a serious item in the weekly expenditure.

Martin soon altered this, and yet we rarely had a meal without some suitable cake or scone making its appearance, and I soon became quite renowned for my tea dainties.

Device in Angelica.

It is wonderful how attractive some apparently simple mixtures can be made with half a glace cherry, a device in angelica, or a piping of icing or of sweetened and flavoured butter. I was terribly clumsy at first when I tried to use the forcing bag and pipes, but after a little practice on an up-turned plate I became quite respectably skilful.

Martin had a few golden rules for this branch of her art on which she firmly pinned her faith, and

same school cake I must own I greatly enjoyed a slice for an eleven o'clock lunch, for we breakfasted early.

EMPIRE CAKE.

INGREDIENTS: Nine ounces of Vienna flour, six ounces of butter, six ounces of castor sugar, four ounces of glace cherries, four eggs, half a teaspooonful of baking-powder, one glace lemon-rind.

Line a cake-tin with buttered paper. Beat the butter and sugar to a soft cream. Then well beat in the eggs. Mix the flour, baking-powder, and lemon-rind. Add these lightly to the eggs, etc. Cut the cherries in halves. Put half the mixture in the tin, then put in the cherries, sprinkling them all over the cake mixture. Now add the rest of the mixture, so that the fruit is put like a sandwich in the middle.

Bake the cake in a sharp oven for the first ten minutes, then more slowly for about thirty or forty minutes. Put it on a sieve till it is cold.

SCHOOL CAKE.

INGREDIENTS: One and a half pounds of flour, three-quarters of a pound of butter or good beef dripping, half a pound of suet, a quarter of a pound of currants, ten ounces of castor sugar, half a pound of mixed peel, three eggs, three large teaspoonsful of baking-powder, three-quarters of a pint of milk, a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt.

Line a good-sized cake tin with greased paper. Mix the flour, baking powder, and salt. Rub in

then stir them into the flour so as to form a rather stiff dough; a little more milk may be required. Knock it out till it is three-quarters of an inch thick, then stamp it into rounds with a plain cutter the size of the top of a tumbler. Prick the top of each over with a fork and brush with a little beaten egg. Put them on a greased baking-tin and bake them in a quick oven for about fifteen minutes.

These are excellent for tea, heated in the oven, then split and buttered.

CHOCOLATE CAKES.

INGREDIENTS: Half a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of castor sugar, four eggs, three ounces of flour, two ounces of ground rice, half a pound of good chocolate, one tablespoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of baking-powder.

Cream together the butter and sugar, then add the eggs separately, beating each one in. Grate the chocolate, put it in a small saucepan with the milk, and stir over the fire till it is melted and is quite smooth, then add it to the sugar and butter. Mix together the ground rice, flour, and a small teaspoonful of baking-powder. Add these to the other ingredients.

Have ready a shallow baking-tin lined with greased paper, pour in the mixture, and bake it very slow and carefully for one hour. When done, take it out of the tin and leave it on a sieve till it is cold. Then cut it up into pretty shapes, such as crescents and diamonds. Pour chocolate icing over the cakes, sprinkle some with chopped pistachio nuts, some with chopped almonds, others with coconut, and others might have a glace

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New Ostrich Feather Boas, curled, made from selected feather, in white, black, natural and white, black and white, and grey and white, 56 inches long ... 10/6
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SENT ON APPROVAL



Morning blouse of the new fashionable white cambric, patterned with raspberry-red rings and completed by a yoke, cuffs, and waistbelt of red cambric.

Evening corsage from Paris, showing a coat opened over a full chemise of spotted net and the new doubly puffed elbow sleeves.

A tailor-made shirt of brown holland, trimmed down the box-pleated front with scarlet flax embroidery.

to which she attributed largely her success. (1) Use fine flour and dry and sieve it before weighing it out. (2) Avoid thinking rancid butter, doubtful eggs, and cheap fruit are good enough for cakes. (3) Beat butter and sugar till the mixture will drop from the spoon, and eggs till they are thickly frothed, without considering the pain in your arm. (4) Bake large cakes slowly, so that they are cooked through without being burnt; and smaller cakes quickly as a rule, unless they are of the shortbread or meringue varieties.

My popularity was at its height with my schoolboy brother when he discovered what excellent cakes were compounded in my kitchen, and of the

the dripping lightly and add the sugar, cleaned fruit, and chopped peel. Beat the eggs well, add the milk and the flour, and mix all well.

Put the mixture in the tin and bake in a moderate oven for about one and a half to two hours.

SCONES.

INGREDIENTS: One pound of Vienna flour, one large teaspoonful of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of salt, two ounces of butter, two eggs, one gill of milk.

Sieve together the flour, salt, and baking-powder. Then rub the butter lightly into them. Whisk the eggs till they are frothy, add the milk to them,

cherry or preserved violet in the centre. For the icing, grate three ounces of good chocolate, put it on a baking-tin in a cool oven to darken it, but be careful that it does not burn. Rub half a pound of icing sugar through a hair-sieve. When the chocolate is dark enough put it in a saucepan with half a gill of water. Let this get hot, then add the icing sugar and stir with a wooden spoon till the sugar is melted. It should be sufficiently thick to well coat the back of a spoon; if it is too thick, add a little more water; when it is the right thickness, pour it immediately over the cakes, which should be placed on a dish to catch the extra icing, which can be rewarmed.

other social engagements hastily cancelled. Then came the long, dreary hours in the train—hours during which Montague studied the sketch over and over again, now persuading himself that he had been cheated by a marvellous resemblance, and then feeling absurdly confident that he had at last found Cecilia.

He sprang out of the train as soon as it steamed into the station, his fair, good-natured face very set and determined, his eyes shining with the light of a great hope.

Bag in hand, he made his way to an hotel, wondering how he should pass the hours till the theatre opened. His steps led past a small tobacconist's shop. There—half lurking in the shadow of the door—stood a man, a man who drew back hastily as Montague Stone passed by, and then laughed shrilly and hoarsely—laughed as if he knew the portrait-painter and guessed his errand.

Montague Stone walked swiftly on, but the mocking, croaking laughter followed him.

(To be continued.)

SOULS ADRIFT.

(Continued from page 11.)

couple of hours—he would find out if he had come down to Plymouth on a wild goose chase, or he would have the inestimable joy of having discovered Cecilia.

The last few weeks had been weeks of intense stress and strain to Montague. He had dreamed night after night of that solemn scene when he had to swear to the identity of Robert Lidford. How terrible it had been to view the drowned and battered corpse! He had hardly dared to glance at the disfigured face, the whole episode had been a nightmare of horror.

Robert Lidford's tragic fate had revived all his fears about Cecilia. A morbid fear haunted him day and night that this might be the case, for he asked himself with pitiful insistence, what could have become of Cecilia? Where could she have found refuge, such complete obliteration, except in

the grave. He must have found her by now if she had been alive.

Suddenly and unexpectedly, a ray of hope! A daily illustrated paper had published a sketch of a new actress, Miss Cecilia Melvyn, who had made such a sudden and unexpected success in her first appearance on the stage at Plymouth.

Montague Stone had glanced indifferently at the sketch. What was a pretty woman to him? Nothing, and less than nothing; then he started and glanced at the portrait, his eyes flashing and dilating.

What a likeness—what an extraordinary likeness Miss Melvyn bore to Cecilia! The arrangement of the hair differed from Cecilia's way of dressing her tresses, and he missed the great early Italian smile, still the eyes—the mouth—the sad, dreamy smile—surely the young actress must be Cecilia's double if not the girl herself.

In less than an hour Montague Stone had taken his seat in the Plymouth express. A telegram was sent to a certain society beauty who was to sit to him that day for her portrait, and a dinner and

Rich Hungarian Feather Scarf, as Sketch, in White or Light Grey 16/6
Richer qualities in White or the New Lynx Shade 21/-
In Natural or Black 14/6

DEBENHAM
AND
FREEBODY
WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

THE CITY.

Markets Still Firm, but Little Business

Kaffirs Again Strong—Home

Railways Advance.

CAPITAL COURT, Saturday.—News as to the prospects of peace was not so encouraging, but in spite of that the day's work of the insurance business was not on a large scale. Members found the attractions of the fine weather and the Boattrace too alluring, and the attendance in the "House" was sparse. The Paris settlement, which is now in course of negotiations, had been deferred to a great extent. Consols opened a trifle easier, but hardened again on the expectation of a light carry-over rate on Monday. The new Indian issue is quoted 13 premium. The rest of the gilt-edged group was steady.

Very little business was noticeable in the Home Railway market, but prices mostly advanced. Great Westerns were a good feature on talk of some connection with the Central and the London and South Western. The new Brighton preference issue was good at 114 premium.

In spite of good advices from the other side, American Railways eased slightly at the start, but prices soon rose to the parity level on the expectation of a favourable Bank of Canada. Ontario was somewhat dull, and Wabash debentures dropped back 3½.

The foreign market was affected by the Paris settlement, and little business was transacted. Japanese bonds slacked at business, and Russians on denials of peace negotiations at St. Petersburg. The new Japanese loan was called 24 premium.

Kaffirs were again a strong market, making the impression of being more important. The Rhodesian section was very prominent under the lead of Chartered, and the interesting news of the linking-up of the bridge over the Zambezi gave a fillip to North Rhodesian concerns. A considerable amount of business was done in the market. Among Westralians Harcheshares eased off, but there was some buying of Ivanhones on dividend prospects. In the Jungle market Broommatics were a good feature on the recent favourable news.

The day was very light in the Miscellaneous market. James Nelsons hardened to 27s. 6d., but Hudson's Bays dropped 3.

TO-DAY'S RACING PROGRAMME.

WARWICK.

1.15—PRIVATE SWEEPSTAKES of 8 sovs each subscriber. Two miles on the flat. yrs at 18
Historian 1 1/2 Mr. John 13 0
King Athol 1 1/2 White Star 13 0
Eram 6 1/3 Prince Schyma 13 0
Aldis 1 1/2 Bellini 13 0
Gladys IV 1 1/2 Tarquin 13 0
Guy Gordon 1 1/2 Reform 13 0
Lemon 1 1/2 French Penny 13 0
Pompey 1 1/2 Shorzen's Law 13 0
Vesper 1 1/2 Highland Ladie 13 0
Ginger 1 1/2

2.0—APPRENTICES' MAIDEN PLATE of 100 sovs, for three-year-olds. One mile. yrs at 18
Wimpole 1 1/2 The Shah 6 11
Hartpury 7 0 Fondling 6 11
Mr. Whistler 7 0 Chaffaway 6 11
Bink 7 0 Queen's Own 6 11
Duke Royal 7 0

2.30—KINETON TWO-YEAR-OLD STAKES of 5 sovs, for two-year-olds, each with 100 sovs added. Four furlongs and a half. yrs at 18
Gulden 2 1/2 Fendown 6 11
The Mandarin 2 1/2 Tongue It 6 11
Clinger 2 1/2 Brew Lass 6 11
Quick March 2 1/2 The Queen 6 11
Bill 2 1/2 Theodore 6 11
Profit 2 1/2 Glen Bright 6 11
Gold Ore 2 1/2 Quinrade 6 11
Gret 2 1/2 Grove Thrush 6 11
Mark Antony 2 1/2 Mary Ann 6 11
Republie 2 1/2 Holmster 6 11
Coral Bee 2 1/2 Aeolian 6 11
All Smoke 2 1/2 Bradford Bay 6 11
Mortlake 2 1/2 Kilkenny 6 11
Larkspur 2 1/2 Taffeta 6 11
Ravished 2 1/2 Tertia 6 11
Amelia 2 1/2 Parcels 6 11
Sir Monty 2 1/2 Gwendolyn 6 11
Gouy de Graces 2 1/2 Duchess Storza 6 11
Remise 2 1/2 Gigkeit 6 11
Duke 2 1/2 Theodore 6 11
Manifest 2 1/2 Noisy Bill 6 11
Dead 'Un 2 1/2 Spicy 6 11
Sally 2 1/2 Samola I 6 11
Walleroo 2 1/2 Leg It 6 11
Imperialism 2 1/2 Sassafras 6 11
Simpie 2 1/2 Sweetie 6 11
Olliosa 2 1/2 Demetrie 6 11
Forth Bridge c First Away 6 11
Sweet Flora 2 1/2

3.5—WARWICK JUVENILE PLATE of 100 sovs, for two-year-olds. Four furlongs and a half. yrs at 18
Corrybresken 1 1/2 Green Dragon 6 11
Symmetrician 9 0 Hamptle 6 11
Lady Isley c 9 0 Grand Duchess 6 11
Woolly 9 0 Queen 6 11
Sovereign Lady I 9 0 Golden Gore 6 11
Lady Marco 9 0 Fernow 6 11
The Interpreter I 9 0 Daffy 6 11
Ougie I 9 0 Day Dream II. I 6 11
Mozz 9 0 Vacillant 6 11
La Monte 9 0 Vixen 6 11
Alice 9 0 Nigella 6 11
Aggie 9 0 Bonnie Jessie I 6 11
Patsy 9 0 Patsy 6 11
Gail Girl 9 0 Pink Pearl 6 11
Detained 9 0 Sweet Nothings 6 11
Sundown 9 0 Executioner 6 11
Lady Geof 9 0 Sweet Constance 6 11

3.40—HAMPTON MID-WEIGHT HANDICAP of 200 one-mile furlongs. yrs at 18
Moor 4 5 Glasnein 6 11
Brockwell 9 0 St. Bally 6 11
Goldbrun 6 9 Glenside 6 11
Poppy 6 9 Acro 6 11
Mrs. Walsh 4 5 Queen of the Marsh 6 11
Lanigan 4 5 Princess Sagron 6 11
Ainsworth 4 5 Agricultural 6 11
Berkshire 4 5 The Pergord 6 11
Lanigan 3 6 A Skipper 6 11
Berkshire 3 6 Doola 6 11
Raven's Pride 3 6 Whistlebunch 6 11
Nahashund 3 6 Queen of the Marsh 6 11
Corsebus 6 8 3 Love and War 6 11
Hillwood 3 6

4.15—WARWICK WELTER HANDICAP of 150 sovs, one mile and three furlongs. yrs at 18
Royal Winkfield 4 8 12 St. Bally 6 11
Honey Rosla 6 8 9 Mark Wood 6 11
Jason 6 8 9 Acro 6 11
The Laval 6 8 7 Queen of the Marsh 6 11
Sonnetts 6 8 4 Henley 6 11
Peter's Pride 4 8 4 Marazoth 6 11
Sareth 4 8 3 Sandway I 6 11
Corona 4 8 3

4.45—CASTLE PLATE of 103 sovs. One mile and a quarter. yrs at 18
Golden Saint 4 8 11 Falcomate 6 11
Kirky 4 8 11 Margotaine 6 11
Fairfax 3 7 9 Sertorius 6 11
amp; 10 7 8 11 abracante 6 11
Irish Bride 3 7 6 a. St. Galette 6 11
Eromulus 3 7 6 Call Duck 6 11
Olivares 3 7 6

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THE WORLD'S BEST, BIGGEST,
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Tennis Balls, from 3/6 doz.
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ELOCUE, OR
A DAINTY LADY'S WATCH, ORA REAL SILVER-MOUNTED
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Nothing is easier—simply send us your name and address for a box containing an assortment of 18 beautiful Artificial Flowers (various kinds) with 100 pins. Send us your name and address for a box containing an assortment of 18 beautiful Artificial Flowers (various kinds) with 100 pins. Our Artificial Flowers are works of art, a splendid gift, and will last for ever. Send us your name and address for a box containing an assortment of 18 beautiful Artificial Flowers (various kinds) with 100 pins. Our Artificial Flowers are works of art, a splendid gift, and will last for ever. Send us your name and address for a box containing an assortment of 18 beautiful Artificial Flowers (various kinds) with 100 pins. Our Artificial Flowers are works of art, a splendid gift, and will last for ever.

With H. will be sent a small
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